

THE  
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL  
REPERTORY.

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VOLUME I. NUMBER IV.  
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ORIGINAL PAPERS.\*

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MODERN PARIS.

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LETTER VII.

*Paris, 19 August, 1807.*

Arrival at Paris—The emperor's birth-day—Magnificence of the imperial procession—Grand illumination—Amusements in the evening—Garden of the Tuilleries—Bonaparte—No indications of joy at his safe return—A reflection—His personal appearance—His character—Bonaparte and Julius Cæsar compared.

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE entered Paris on Saturday, the 15th inst. about mid-day, pressing through innumerable crowds of people, who thronged the streets. The emperor and his court were

at the cathedral church of Notre-Dame, hearing prayers and a grand Te Deum. I hastened from the Diligence-office to the *Rue Vivienne*, took a temporary lodging in the *Hotel de la Marine*, procured a servant, and mingled with the thousands, who were waiting to see the imperial procession as it returned to the palace.

A part of it soon came in view. I wish it were possible for me to give you a complete representation of its magnificence. It would be folly to attempt it. There is nothing with which I can compare it. The parade, at St. James, on the last birth-day, a description of which I have sent you, if placed by the side of this, would dwindle down to a mere puppet-show. Expect not, then, a perfect portrait. You will have but a *sketch* of the *form* without any of the *finish*.

The grand retinue consisted of the imperial family; princes of the empire; dignitaries of the church; civil and legislative authorities; foreign ambassadors, and the army; the whole extending nearly two miles. A body of the military preceded, and opened a passage through the multitudes, who crowded the streets. After them, came military officers; ministers of state, and other high personages; foreign ambassadors; princes and princesses; the empress, with one, or two female attendants; the emperor in a triumphal chariot, richly gilt, and decorated with ribbands of different colours, and surmounted by six large clusters of white ostrich feathers—intended, no doubt, as an emblem of the rider's innocence! The rear was composed of the army of the North, which had been ordered to regulate its marches, so as to arrive in the metropolis on the morning of this brilliant anniversary.

Talleyrand, Cambacères, and several other grandees of the court, rode in carriages, drawn by six horses, had one driver, two postillions, three footmen behind, and four

walking with their hats in their hands, two on each side of the horses. The emperor was accompanied by his brother, prince Jerome, now king of Westphalia. The triumphal car was drawn by eight white steeds, richly caparisoned. His majesty had one driver, three postillions, three pages behind, and eight walking, four on each side of the horses, half covered with glittering buttons and gold-lace. In this manner the whole procession moved on to the palace.

The magnificence of the night surpassed, if possible, that of the day. The garden of the Tuilleries, the palace, the observatory, the pantheon, and, indeed, all the publick, and many of the private, edifices, were splendidly illuminated. This light, added to that of the ordinary lamps, created such a surprising brightness in the atmosphere, that, to an observer without the barriers, all Paris seemed involved in one nocturnal blaze. The reflections and refractions of the rays by the clouds, which hovered over the city, produced an effect indiscribably beautiful.

The garden of the Tuilleries was filled with people.— This is an area of eight or ten acres, laid out with so much taste, and decorated with such a variety of valuable objects, as to render it one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe. It contains gravelled walks, and circular spaces, which are frequently rolled and moistened;—a grove of ancient and lofty horse-chestnut trees, whose thick foliage forms a delightful retreat from the rays of the summer's sun;—several grass-plats; arbours, flower-beds, basins; and a vast number of statues and vases. Its form is a parallelogram, limited on the east by the palace. On the south by an elegant terrace, which extends the whole length of the garden, and separates it from the Seine, or rather from the road, which runs along the bank of the river. On the west



lies the *Place de la Concorde*, beyond which are the *Champs-Élysées*.\* On the north is another long terrace, by the side of which is a range of temporary houses and sheds, where were shows, dancing parties, and refreshments of every description.

On the west front of the imperial habitation, in a moveable orchestra, was a collection of musicians, French and Italian, vocal and instrumental, whose performances moved every heart, in which there was a single musical fibre. Over these, in a large balcony sat the emperor and empress, crowned, surrounded by brothers and sisters, ministers and generals, and in view of perhaps two hundred thousand spectators. The garden, and all the adjoining streets were thronged with people of different nations, ranks and ages.

The number, beauty and diversity of objects, which presented themselves to engage attention, were truly astonishing. Here, your eye is attracted by an artificial lake, on which are swimming swans, a princely bird, and at the bottom of which, are fish, of different colours, darting along the liquid element. In the middle is a jet d'eau, whose water rises thirty or forty feet, and falls in a fine dewy shower. There, are three or four hundred moveable orange trees, imparting to the air the most delicious perfume. In every direction you see figures in bronze, or marble — Here, is a Hercules, a Diana, a fighting gladiator, a Laocoon and his children embraced in the folds of the fatal snake. There is a Venus, an Apollo, a Centaur, a Faun, a Cleopatra. Here, is an Eneas, bearing off his father Anchises, who carries with him his sacred Penates. There, is a Hannibal, a Scipio-Africanus, a Ceres, an Atlas.

Casting your eye to the south, you see barges, moving up and down the Seine, filled with parties of pleasure, glit-

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\* Elysian Fields.



tering in gala dress. Yonder, are lofty triumphal arches, richly illuminated, and hung around with the military trophies of the last campaign. Here, are fireworks, and sky-rockets, which rise among the clouds, and by their loud explosions, and long streaming blaze, remind me of that tremendous era, 'when the heavens shall be on fire, and the elements melt with fervent heat.' This brilliant scene continued till near midnight, when his majesty, and the imperial family, withdrew to the interior of the palace, the immense concourse of spectators retired from the public walks, the fireworks ceased, and the lustre of artificial day gradually disappeared.

I had repaired to the garden of the Thuilleries, at an early hour, expecting, that when Bonaparte made his appearance, the air would reverberate with shouts of congratulation and applause. But at that moment, there was a profound silence. It was, however, after a short time, a little interrupted, by here and there a voice, probably a hireling's, which uttered feebly, '*vive l'empereur, vive le roi.*' There was no indication of uncommon joy at the emperor's pomp, or at his safe return from battles and slaughter. Are there not, thought I, hundreds here, who secretly say—'How, Napoleon, can we celebrate the anniversary of your birth, or applaud your conduct? Your existence is a curse to the world. The dark moment that gave you being, produced the greatest monster in wickedness, the severest scourge to man, that the earth has ever reared. Your relentless, insatiable ambition has caused the death of millions. Half of Europe you have made a charnel-house. Your military successes are great, but those very successes deprive us of our dearest connexions, our fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. While you conquer the world, you depopulate and ruin your own country.'

With the news of your victories you bring sorrow and wretchedness, perhaps despair and death, to thousands of your subjects.'

The day after the anniversary, (Sunday,) Bonaparte went from the palace, in his triumphal chariot, with a grand retinue, to open the session of the Legislative Body. His speech was short and pithy. The answer was such as would be expected from vassals of the grand Sultan. It was the *neplus ultra* of adulation and servility. They are both printed in the *Moniteur*, and you will soon read them in the American newspapers.—In the evening there was another illumination, and the emperor again presented himself in the balcony of the palace.

'But cease,' I can almost hear you exclaim, 'cease to speak of processions, and gardens, and birth-night parade, and say something of the *man* himself, who has so long been 'setting nations by the ears,' and grasping at the dominion of the world.' I was lamenting, a moment ago, that I had not seen his imperial Majesty in a situation more favourable for a critical inspection of his features. *Ma foi!* interrupted my *valet-de-place*, 'you are very fortunate, Monsieur, in being able to see him at all, and especially on the first day of your residence at Paris. Many foreigners, continued he, have waited here, three or four months, for scarcely any other purpose, and have never seen him till four days ago.' It seems, then, John, said I, that his majesty does not show himself every day to strangers, or to his loving subjects. 'No, Monsieur,' returned he, smiling, and making a bow, that would not have disgraced a duke, 'no Monsieur, he regards himself as ladies do their costly jewels, which, to retain their value, must be seen only on great occasions.'

I had a tolerable view of this extraordinary man from



the garden of the Thuilleries, and was near him, when he passed along in the grand procession. This is not like surveying him leisurely, when unsurrounded by his court, and at a small distance. But as he is not fond of affording opportunities to be inspected with the same minuteness, that a zoologist would examine an elephant, or a camel, in the menagerie—though a no less wonderful animal; and as I may not soon see him to better advantage, I am determined immediately to gratify your curiosity, as far as my knowledge will admit.

It will give you pleasure to learn, that in drawing this sketch of the emperor's personal appearance, I depend less on my own observations, which, from the nature of attending circumstances, were liable to be erroneous, and must have been deficient, than on the remarks of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who has known Bonaparte, in all his gradations of advancement, from the petulant school-boy, to the monarch of more than fifty millions of people.\* The information which I shall add concerning his character is chiefly derived from the same source.

The person of the emperor is by no means so diminutive as it has often been represented. His stature is but little below middling. His body is well proportioned, and very muscular. He is inclining to corpulence, but is not fat. His face is neither handsome, nor ugly. His forehead is large—his nose aquiline—his chin protuberant—his eyes dark, large, prominent and piercing. His complexion is, like that of all the Italians, of a pale, or rather of a yellowish, cast. His aspect is stern, and forbidding. I did not

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\*The population of France and Italy is now estimated at about fifty millions. Besides these Bonaparte rules, *en effet*, Holland, Westphalia, and indeed nearly all Europe, except England.—May 1813. We may at present, except Russia also, and perhaps Sweden, Prussia and Spain.



see him bow to any person, while in the procession, or in the balcony of the palace.

The features of his face are strong and well defined, and I know not why they have generally been so erroneously represented, in prints and paintings. The picture of him, which you have often shown me, no more resembles Bonaparte, than it does the man in the moon. It makes him, like most others that I have seen in America, too handsome, and too effeminate—more like a fair-faced, fan-bearing lady's man, than like the conqueror of Italy, or the expeller of the Council of Five Hundred. You have a tolerably correct side view of his face in the modern French coins, one of which, a two Franc-piece, I shall herewith transmit.

There is nothing in the emperor's countenance to betoken the uncommon powers of his mind—nothing, which would not be discovered on thousands of peasants, and butchers, were they to perform, with success, the same part that he has acted, and be raised to the same height of authority and grandeur. Mankind have a curious propensity to study the physiognomy of the great, and often imagine, like the German craniologist, that there is on the exterior of each individual, a *bosse*, or some other lineament, which indicates, with certainty, the magnitude and predominant features of the intellect. The middling and lower classes of men are overlooked, as an '*ignobile pecus*,' on whom nature has not been liberal enough to impress any such mark of mental superiority.

A little observation, I suspect, would convince us, that those peculiarities of feature, which are considered the indices of uncommon talents, are by no means confined to the favourites of fortune; and that those, which are supposed to belong only to such men as Louis XIV. Leo X. and

Frederick the Great, are discoverable on hundreds of others, who never rise above the degraded occupations of beggars, cobblers, and mountebanks? It is worthy of notice, that we seldom espy those indications of greatness, till a man has accomplished some great action.

You must not conclude, that I wish, entirely, to explode the rules of Lavater. There is, I cannot doubt, much truth in them. But who has not found exceptions to these rules? Who has not learned, that the most faultless form, and the most attracting countenance, with the most favourable marks of genius and goodness, are sometimes the mere envelope of an imbecile mind, and a fiend-like temper? And who has not found, on the contrary, under the most unprepossessing exterior, the soundest of heads, and the best of hearts?

We are told that Louis XIV. in the selection of his ministers, always consulted his physiognomist, Cureau, who, in one of his letters to that king, says, 'should I die before his majesty, he would run a great risk of making, in future, many a bad choice.' This phiz-inspector must have looked more than skin-deep, or the *grand monarque* have sometimes had, among his counsellors, a weak, or a wicked adviser. But let us return from this long digression to notice some of the leading traits in the

#### CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

In his manner, he is cold and reserved. All who appear in his presence are made to feel, that he is a sovereign; that

'His word is law.'

He is excessively passionate, and unable to bear the slightest opposition. His ministers he often abuses, in the most



indecent manner. Ambassadors from foreign courts fare but little better. You recollect his treatment of the last British minister, who resided in Paris. He indulges no familiarity with any one, out of the imperial family; not even with those, who, by their official rank, stand nearest the throne.

Nothing can be more false than the assertion, frequently made in America, and England, that all the great plans of the emperor have their origin in the brain of the ex-bishop of Autun; and that Bonaparte is, in fact, but little more than a machine, kept in motion, by this arch-apostate. But this assertion cannot much longer circulate among men, who are in their right minds. Europe, and the world, have already had too many proofs of his transcendent talents. Is it possible that a monarch, who was very dependant on a minister, could be so imprudent as to treat that minister like a slave, as Bonaparte is known repeatedly to have treated Talleyrand? It is believed, here, that nearly every great project, civil or military, is first suggested by the emperor himself, and that the talents, and artifice of the prince of Benevento are chiefly employed, in facilitating its execution.

There are some, who suppose, that Bonaparte, in his military character, resembles Hannibal: others say that he endeavours to imitate Julius Cæsar. But a man of his genius, principles, and ambition, is not satisfied with being a mere copier. His plans, like the productions of a first-rate painter, are original. Had he minutely followed the footsteps of any other warrior, ancient or modern, he would probably never have swayed an imperial sceptre. The course of such a man must be shaped by the circumstances of times and events, which are widely different, in different countries, and, more especially, in different ages of the



world. On his sagacity in discerning, and his dexterity in managing, these circumstances, his fortune is often suspended.

It must be acknowledged, however, that there is, in many respects, a striking similarity in the characters of the Corsican Chief, and the First of the Cæsars. You will, I think, be fully convinced of the correctness of this remark, if you read Cæsar's Commentaries, and Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus.

Cæsar performed his marches with almost incredible expedition, and usually coming, unexpected, on his enemy, compelled him to fight immediately, and often on the most disadvantageous ground.—Bonaparte does the same. He leads his troops against the foe, by forced marches, gives them no time to reflect on the havoc, they are intended to make—rouses their avidity for plunder, and glory, by a speech full of encomiums and promises; and thus prepared, they commence the combat with the impetuosity of so many hungry lions rushing on the prey.

Cæsar, when the contest was doubtful, often threw himself into the most perilous situations to give an example of bravery to his soldiers.—So has Bonaparte. See him at the bridge of Lodi, and at the battle of Marengo.

Cæsar was the idol of his troops.—So is Bonaparte, notwithstanding all that has been reported to the contrary.—I have conversed with one of the officers of a regiment of dragoons, who was with him in the battles of Italy, Egypt, Syria, and Germany, and who assured me, that the army is universally attached to him. He has been so long victorious, they begin to imagine, that he is invincible. The single expression, 'Your emperour is in the midst of you,' is worth a host of soldiers. Indeed a general, who, like Cæsar and Bonaparte, allows his followers an unlimited li-

cence to indulge in plunder and debauchery, wherever they march, cannot but be popular. With an avaricious and unprincipled soldiery, this circumstance alone has an incalculable influence.

Cæsar was lavish of the lives of his fellow-men.—So is Bonaparte.

‘He deems a thousand or ten thousand lives,  
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,  
An easy reck’ning.’

Cæsar was the slave of ambition.—So is Bonaparte. It is probable that Cæsar indulged in free living, and some irregularities of conduct, in his youth, when he was buying the hearts of the Romans, with splendid feasts, and gladiatorial shows. But when his prodigality had driven him into the army to procure money, by plundering the provinces, to extricate himself from debt; when his thirst for a warrior’s fame had urged him into the career of conquest, he threw off effeminacy, and cheerfully submitted to all the hardships and privations of the military life. Riches, and luxury, and even life, in his estimation, had no value, any farther than they could be made auxiliary to the execution of his ambitious designs.—With Bonaparte, every thing is made subservient to the same end. To this point his exertions, his thoughts, his appetites, his whole soul is directed. It is on this account, that he seems to the world, not to be “subject to like passions with other men.” He allows but little of his time, or strength, to be lost in the gratification of the senses. In his mode of living he is remarkably temperate. He eats but little, and has no fondness for the delicacies of the epicure. His diet is simple and substantial. When First Consul, he said to a person, who was invited to dine with him—‘If you wish for a *short* dinner, dine with me; if you would have a *luxurious* one,

go and eat with Cambaceres.' He seldom spends more than half an hour at table, and then engages immediately in business. He uses scarcely any wine, but drinks astonishing quantities of strong coffee.

The fascinations of female beauty, that power by which the victorious Roman was subdued, excite, it is said, no palpitations in the cold heart of Napoleon. It was policy alone, which led him into wedlock with Josephine, the *chere armie* of Barras, and the widow of the unfortunate Beauharnois; by which connexion he obtained the command of the army of Italy, and a fortune of five hundred thousand livres.

Had Cæsar given up the command of his legions, and become a private man, when he was revolving in his mind the pros and cons of the case, on the bank of the Rubicon; or had he been vanquished, in the memorable battle of Pharsalia, 'he would,' as he himself says, 'have been condemned as a criminal.' So, if Bonaparte had not succeeded in dispersing the Five Hundred, and obtaining the consulship, he would, it is believed, have been sentenced to the guillotine, for quitting the army, and coming home from Egypt, without permission.

Heaven has suffered few conquerors to make such havoc among mankind as Julius Cæsar did. Plutarch relates, 'That in less than ten years, he took eight hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations, and fought pitched battles, with three millions of men, one million of whom he cut in pieces, and made another million prisoners.' Bonaparte's ambition has occasioned an equal, and, perhaps, a greater slaughter. I need not enumerate to you, who are well acquainted with the events of modern times, the many countries his armies have ravaged, and the many bloody victories he has achieved, in the same num-



ber of years.—Who, my dear friend, when he reflects on scenes like these, can doubt the existence of a place, where crimes will have their due reward, and proper *name*? Where a diadem will not be the recompence of homicide, and where the merciless murderer of millions of his species will not be misnamed a *hero*!

The *primum mobile* in this, and every similar government, is fear. The ruling sovereign is dreaded by the whole nation, and loved by none, or by very few, besides the army. Many of the French people speak coldly of the measures of the emperor, but none complain. You would be astonished at the indifference, which they manifest to the concerns of government. If they can have their *bon vin, bons diners, et assez des spectacles*,\* they seem willing that Bonaparte and the world should settle their affairs as they please. Though the emperor has but few real friends, he has a vast number of partizans and supporters, who depend, for their honours, and titles, and wealth on his will.

These few facts, relative to the person and character of the Corsican Chief, are all I have as yet been able to collect. Should time, and an enlarging acquaintance, bring others within my reach, I shall not delay to communicate them.

Adieu.

N. B. I dare not commit this letter to the mail, but shall send it, without signature, by a gentleman, who sets out to-morrow for America, by the way of Nantz. I beg you would write nothing to me on the subject of French politicks. All letters, which come through the Post-Office, are opened, and examined, by the managers of that department. A single offensive remark, would, perhaps,

\* Good wine, good dinners, and shows enough.

occasion my residence here to be longer than I might wish.

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### LETTER VIII.

\* \* Paris, 21 August, 1807.

*Permis de Sejour*—Mr. C. arrested for a French debtor—Crowds of poor people at the Police-office, waiting for passports—Rev. D. B. Warden—Americans of different descriptions resident at Paris—Monsieur De Lametherie—Mr. Maclure, an American mineralogist—Method of learning the French language—Plan of these letters—Marriage of Jerome Bonaparte.

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THE Monday after my arrival here, I called on the American minister, General Armstrong, to request his aid in obtaining me permission to reside in Paris. He very readily gave me a note to the minister of the exterior, M. C. who put his signature to it, and directed me to the office of the general police. I was there furnished with a *permis de sejour*,\* which allows me the range of the department of the Seine, and the communes of Sevres, Meudon and St. Cloud. 'It is not safe,' says Mr. W. 'to appear abroad without this instrument in your pocket. It will serve as a kind of *carte de sûreté*. Should you be out late in the evening, without it, and should a centinel, or a *gend'arme* take it into his head to stop you, he would levy a contribution on your purse, or put you to the inconvenience

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\* A permission of residence.

of being kept in custody, till you could send for your passport.' Such occurrences are said to be much less frequent than they were a few years ago; but they still happen sometimes.

Owing to a neglect of this kind, Mr. C. a Scotch gentleman, was lately subjected to a very serious mortification. As he was walking in the street a civil officer arrested him, through mistake, for a French debtor, of whom he was in pursuit. All Mr. C's entreaties, and asseverations, that not a drop of French blood ran in his veins, were unavailing. He was placed in a common cart, and conveyed, under guard, through the streets, like a convict destined to the guillotine. He had proceeded some way, with the *cheering* prospect, of being shortly immured in a prison, with thieves, highwaymen and cutthroats, when he unexpectedly espied a person, in whom he recognized a friend. At his friend's solicitation the unfeeling officer consented to halt till Mr. C. could dispatch a messenger for his passport, the sight of which immediately procured his liberation.

Not only foreigners, but all Frenchmen, belonging out of the department of the Seine, are obliged on coming to Paris, to visit their friends, or to follow their ordinary occupations, to present themselves at a *bureau de police*.\* I saw nearly a hundred persons of both sexes, who appeared to be principally day-labourers and market people, waiting for their *permis de séjour*. Those applicants, who are in favour with some of the managers, or who are able to slip a *petit ecu*, into a clerk's hand, have their business accomplished first, while these ill-starred children of toil are thrown into the back ground, where they must wait, perhaps a whole day, or, at least, till the office is deserted by the more favoured, or more profitable visitors. What

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\* Police Office.



a publick loss of labour, and what an immensity of individual misery, is such a system of police calculated to produce!

I passed an hour yesterday with general Armstrong's Secretary, the

REV. D. B. WARDEN.

This gentleman was born and liberally educated, in Ireland. In the late seditious commotions, in that ill-treated, and troublesome, section of the British dominions, Mr. W. in consequence, I understand, of indulging rather too freely in animadversions on the conduct of government, was denounced as an abettor, if not a confederate, of the rebels, and committed to prison.

After a long confinement he regained his liberty, but not choosing to remain in the land of his nativity, where the fiend of discord often instigates irritable spirits to revolt and bloodshed, and where the innocent are frequently implicated, and suffer, with the guilty, he, and many of his countrymen, turned their eyes to the 'Asylum of oppressed humanity.' Some time after his arrival in the United States, he became preceptor of an academy at Kingston in New-York. There he continued usefully employed in

'Teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and occasionally preaching, till General A. was appointed ambassador at the court of the Thuilleries. As Mr. W. had lived a considerable time in the General's family, and was highly esteemed, he was now invited to accompany him to France, in the capacity of secretary. He is remarkably industrious, and his intervals of official labour are devoted to a variety of literary and scientific pursuits. Anatomy and chemistry now engross his principal attention. His obliging disposition, and his avidity for knowledge of all

kinds, have procured him an acquaintance with a large number of French *savans*, among whom are several gentlemen of high reputation and distinguished talents.

I dined to day with Mr. Maclure, to whom I had been introduced by Mr. S. the American consul. To travel in foreign countries is surely not one of the worst methods of becoming acquainted with the inhabitants, and history, of our own. In the large cities of Europe you meet interesting and enterprising men, from almost every part of the United States. By associating with such men, you acquire much particular and important geographical, and other intelligence, which could never be obtained by hastily running over the country. It is like residing a month in the bosom of their families. Such a situation is peculiarly favourable to the formation of useful and permanent friendship. In a land of strangers, a fellow countryman seems almost a brother, and any civilities, received from him, you are not likely soon to forget.

I ought, however, to remark, that it is not proper to make yourself intimate with *every* American you meet at Paris. In this nursery of dissipation and iniquity, you find some, who are fugitives from their creditors, and from justice at home, and who are here engaged in every species of low vice and dishonourable speculation: some who have been drawn hither by literary, or mercantile motives, and who have fallen, perhaps unawares, into the strong holds of criminal indulgence, where all the licentious propensities of their nature, seconded by the force of habit, have bound them prisoners for life: others, who have resorted here for the avowed purpose of whirling away their property in the purchase of fashionable gratifications. But their riches, having unexpectedly taken to themselves wings, have left many of their owners the victims of poverty, and the

sport of a thousand factitious and conflicting desires. To be familiar with such persons would at once shut you from the society of those, whose acquaintance is a pleasure, and whose friendship a blessing.

The party at the table of Mr. M. were all Americans except one. This was the celebrated

DE LAMATHERIE.

He is a small man—a bachelor—whose bald head and wrinkled face pronounce him to be about sixty. If he is short of this, misfortune must have assisted time, in deepning the furrows on his brow. His whole life has been devoted to the sciences. His fertile genius, aided by uncommon industry, has brought into being a great number of books, chiefly on philosophical subjects, some of which are generally read, and much admired. But I cannot refrain from observing, that, in those of his works, which I have perused, there is a vast quantity of extravagant conjecture, and groundless hypothesis, as well as much lucid reasoning and important information. Many of his notions badly harmonize with those of a certain Book, which, I trust, you and I shall ever esteem more highly than we do the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, or even those of M. De Lamatherie.—His ‘*Journal de Physique*’ is unquestionably the best of his works—but of this I shall speak in another place.

Because he is not attached to the Bonapartean dynasty, and is incapable of stooping to practice the base arts of flattery, and self-electioneering, which are growing too common at Paris, Mon. De Lamatherie is not a member of any distinguished literary association. He, however, holds the office of professor of minerology, at the College of France. I have accepted an invitation to visit him, a few days hence, at his lodging, where he tells me, I shall find him



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The party at the table of Mr. M. were all Americans except one. This was the celebrated

DE LAMATHERIE.

He is a small man—a bachelor—whose bald head and wrinkled face pronounce him to be about sixty. If he is short of this, misfortune must have assisted time, in deepning the furrows on his brow. His whole life has been devoted to the sciences. His fertile genius, aided by uncommon industry, has brought into being a great number of books, chiefly on philosophical subjects, some of which are generally read, and much admired. But I cannot refrain from observing, that, in those of his works, which I have perused, there is a vast quantity of extravagant conjecture, and groundless hypothesis, as well as much lucid reasoning and important information. Many of his notions badly harmonize with those of a certain Book, which, I trust, you and I shall ever esteem more highly than we do the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, or even those of M. De Lamatherie.—His ‘*Journal de Physique*’ is unquestionably the best of his works—but of this I shall speak in another place.

Because he is not attached to the Bonapartean dynasty, and is incapable of stooping to practice the base arts of flattery, and self-electioneering, which are growing too common at Paris, Mon. De Lamatherie is not a member of any distinguished literary association. He, however, holds the office of professor of minerology, at the College of France. I have accepted an invitation to visit him, a few days hence, at his lodging, where he tells me, I shall find him

surrounded by his cabinets, secluded from the world, poor, but independent.

MR. MACLURE.

This gentleman was formerly an active and successful merchant in Philadelphia. After he had accumulated a competency of wealth, his desire of amassing more, yielded to a predominant passion for mineralogical pursuits. Quitting the counting house, and following his favourite bent of mind, with unrelaxed perseverance, he has travelled over, and examined the mineral productions of almost every country in Europe. The votaries of this science can see, in his collection, fine specimens of minerals, taken with his own hand, from the mines of Cornwall, and the hills of Scotland, from the plains of Italy, and the rugged Alps.

It enkindles in my bosom the flame of national pride, to see a native of America, whose inhabitants are too justly said to resemble the plodding, money-catching, Dutchmen, employed in search of useful knowledge, and attracting notice among the scientific characters of the present age. Mr. M. is blessed with a robust body, well fitted to endure the hardships unavoidable in mineralogical excursions. His intellect is strong, but its asperities have not been smoothed by a classical education, which, as it is conducted in our own country, too often debilitates, while it polishes, both the body and the mind. His information is not derived from books, but from personal observation.

He intends to spend the approaching winter, in the mild regions of Spain. I sincerely hope that he will soon return to America, and impart to his countrymen some of that enthusiasm, which has led him so successfully to cultivate a science, scarcely known on your side of the ocean, but from the cultivation of which would result much individual and



national utility. Mr. M. owns a small house in the *Rue des Brodeurs*, where he entertains his friends in a style, which does equal credit to the philosopher, the economist, and the man of fortune.

## CONTINUATION.

August 22.

A foreigner, who is not familiar with the French language, when he enters Paris, ought to place himself in a situation, where he can hear no other spoken. Necessity is the best instructor. With this view I have engaged lodging, and board, in the family of *Monsieur de S.* a member of the National Institute, and an author of some distinction. His house is in the *Rue de Sevrès*, a part of the city, where the din of the busy world seldom penetrates, and where I shall be less harrassed, than at a hotel, by the frequent calls of lounging visitors. From this tranquil retreat, I shall occasionally sally out, to catch 'the passing tidings of the times,' and lose myself among the curiosities, with which this wonderful capital so richly abounds.

It would be useless, were it in my power, to give you a minute description of all the objects, which may come under my inspection. Such a description, should you desire it, may be found in a score of small books, the best of which are the *Miroir de Paris*;—*Promenade au Jardin des Plantes*;—*Manuel du Voyageur à Paris*;—*Paris et ses Environs*. 'Picture of Paris;' and 'Paris as it was and as it is.' To these, and similar works, I shall be indebted for many particulars, which these letters will contain. It would be folly to rely on the accuracy of my eye, for the dimensions of a building, or the number of books in a public library. As it is my wish, in this undertaking, to be

useful, rather than to be original—to communicate *facts* rather than *opinions*—I shall not hesitate to lay under contribution, for this purpose, any respectable works, which can furnish such information as I may imagine will interest you, and is not already in your possession.

Many travellers, who write to their friends, from this place, do it with a view of benefiting those, who expect, at some future time, to visit Paris. They therefore point out the exact situation of every edifice, statue, and painting, in order that their successors may know where to find them. But my object is to entertain you, at your domestic fireside, and not to be your conductor here. I must, of course, endeavour to avoid the ordinary track, and aim principally, at giving you a *general view* of the French metropolis.

In this attempt, I shall speak first—of its local situation—its extent—its population—its commerce—its public edifices—and, perhaps, point out some of the changes, which the revolution has occasioned. I shall next lead you to the museums, and other repositories, of the arts. Here, for two reasons, we shall not be long detained:—First; because it is a field, in which many others have delighted chiefly to wander, and the objects of which are, consequently, described at large, in a number of printed works; Secondly, because I am not connoisseur enough to discover new beauties, or defects, in the productions of the chisel, or the pencil; and indeed could do nothing better than transmit epitomized descriptions of more critical observers—descriptions, which you can procure and peruse at your leisure.

The transition from the department of the arts to that of literature, and the sciences, will be short and easy. Here we shall enter a region, which travellers have seemed reluctant to explore; but, for what cause, it would be diffi-

cult to decide. It may be, because the productions of the head are less attractive than those of the hand. The stupendous monument affects us more than the description of it. The balloon, that mounts in the heavens, interests us more than the principle on which it ascends. It may be owing to the difficulties, which attend the undertaking. The museums of the arts are open to every body. Access to information on the state of the sciences is not always easy. In one case, you have many books to direct you; in the other you have almost none, and must depend chiefly on your occasional conversations with scientific men.

To this point I shall direct my principal attention, both because it will be most beneficial to me, and because, as I have letters of introduction to many gentlemen, who can furnish me with such facts as I may wish to obtain, I shall thereby be enabled to render a more acceptable tribute of regard to one, to whom I am under the most imposing obligations, and from whom I have received innumerable tokens of friendship and affection.

This is, as far as I can recollect, not very unlike the plan, which, at our last painful interview in America, you so urgently pressed me to adopt. I feel it a duty to fulfil the promise I then made you; but I must here warn you not to expect, that I shall, in all cases, adhere to any precise rules, in my manner of writing. Objects and incidents, of different kinds, will frequently be noticed promiscuously as they come under my observation. To make my letters more familiar, I shall sometimes suppose you to be actually present, and myself pointing out, and describing to you, without any method, those curiosities, which are most deserving of your attention. How ardently do I wish that this were real—that you were to be my companion for a few weeks, in this most splendid, and most abandoned, of



cities! But wishes, in such a case, are idle things. A wide ocean rolls its billows between us; and were I to order it to disappear, or to conduct you safely over its broad bosom, it would, I fear, pay as little regard to my authority, as it did to the commands king Canute. I shall not fail to give you some account of the customs, religion, peculiarities, &c. of the French people.

Errour is a serpent, which entwines itself around almost every effort of the human intellect. If it insinuates itself into the profoundest works of the theologian and philosopher; if it eludes the eye of the acutest mathematician, and makes its way into the astronomical calculations of a Maskelyne, a Lalande, and a Delambre, how much more easily may it gain admittance into letters carelessly written, not for the publick eye, but for the gratification of yourself, and a few other partial friends, to whom I have given you permission to show them? Against this enemy I shall be constantly on my guard, and shall carefully avoid transmitting you any thing, which is not the result of my own examination and experience, or which does not, in my opinion, rest on the basis of respectable authority. But error will undoubtedly sometimes escape my vigilance. Imperfections of various kinds your discernment will readily discover. They are indeed inevitable. In such an undertaking, some subjects must be touched on, which cannot be discussed. Institutions must be mentioned, the particulars of whose history cannot all be obtained. But the errors and defects, you will, I am certain, attribute to their proper cause—to inadvertency—to ignorance—to inability—but, in no instance, to intentional misrepresentation.

The Americans here are seriously alarmed at the prospect of war between the United States and England.—Gen. A. read to me this morning a paragraph, from the Mon-

iteur, in which it is declared that hostilities have already commenced—that several trifling rencounters have taken place at sea—that President Jefferson has issued a proclamation *energique*—and that our ports are shut to all British vessels. We are not disposed to give full credit to these round assertions, though we cannot, at present, determine how far they may be true, as we have not yet heard what effect the unfortunate affair of the Chesapeake has had on the minds of the people on your side of the Atlantick. Some of our countrymen are hurrying home, others are seeking a conveyance to England to secure property, which, if war is resolved on, they fear will be confiscated.

I must not forget to mention, that the nuptials of prince Jerome, king of Westphalia, and the princess of Wertemberg, were this day celebrated. A grand illumination is preparing for the occasion, and will, in a short time dazzle the eyes of the Parisians. The prince, and his bride, are this evening, to shew themselves from the palace, to the multitude, who are now assembling in the garden of the Thuilleries.

It is reported, that the match was made by the emperor—that both parties reluctantly approached the hymenial altar—and that the princess, a few days since, even attempted to quit Paris, in disguise, in order to avoid the unwelcome union. And who can blame her? His repudiated consort, the celebrated Miss Patterson, it is said, retains the supreme affections of the young prince; and what is the hand of Jerome worth, without the heart?—a crown—a court—a palace—yes, and their possessor may be more wretched than the beggar in the street, or the miscreant in Bridewell.

## LETTER IX.

Paris, 29 August, 1807.

Historical facts relative to the ancient state of Paris—Female senators—Druidical priests—The city slow in its growth—It was the residence of Julius Cæsar—Pagan worship—Clovis, converted to christianity—Charlemagne—Popery—Persecution—French atheists.

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You can easily suppose, my friend, that a native of America, where every thing is new and changing, feels no small satisfaction in finding himself translated to the 'elder world,' and placed in one of the oldest capitals of Europe—a capital whose history embraces the long period of two thousand years. The historical facts, which relate to the ancient and progressive state of Paris, are numerous and interesting, and I must beg permission, in this short letter, to recal a few of them to your recollection.

During the early ages of the Roman Republic, the civil and political affairs of the Parisians, and perhaps of the Gauls in general, were confided to a senate of women, annually elected, by the different cantons.\* These female politicians deliberated, in solemn assembly, on all the concerns of war and peace, and the administration of justice. The reins of government were in their hands in the days of Hannibal. Pleutarch asserts, that a treaty, which this conqueror made with the Gauls, contained the following article: 'If any Gaul has reason to complain of a Carthaginian, he shall sue for redress to the senate of Carthage'

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\* Paris et ses Curiosites t. 1. p. 3.



established in Spain; if any Carthaginian is injured by a Gaul, the affair shall be judged by the supreme council of Gallic women.'

The Druidical priesthood, envious, and aspiring, after a long struggle for preeminence, succeeded in despoiling the female senators of their gubernatorial rights. The historian has not forgotten to eulogize them, by saying, that under their government, the Gauls took Rome and made Italy tremble; but that under the priests, they were conquered and subjected to the Roman dominion.

Paris was extremely tardy in its growth. It is the Lutitia, mentioned by Julius Cæsar, and appears to have been the favourite residence of that wonderful scholar, statesman, and warrior. It was then only a small village. "Lutitia, says he, situated on an island in the Seine, is the city of the Parisians." The term *Parisian* was not confined to the inhabitants of this village, but designated one of the sixty-four tribes, which constituted the Republic of the Gauls. Four hundred years after Cæsar, when Julian was here proclaimed emperor of Rome, the city was but little enlarged. It was still circumscribed by the waters of the Seine. "I passed the winter, says this monarch, in my dear Lutitia; it occupies a little island in the Seine, and is entered by two bridges." Indeed more than thirty French kings here swayed the sceptre and sunk into the grave, before it was greatly distinguished either by its extent, or its magnificence. It was walled, and its streets first paved, by Philip Augustus, in 1211. Philip the Fair made the Parliament stationary at Paris, and prohibited duelling in civil disputes. Anne of Bretagne, and Henry IV, added some embellishments, but much of its magnitude, and most of its decorations owe their existence to the genius, power, and pride of Louis XIV.

When I reflect on the numberless points of view in which the human character has here been exhibited, a host of historical relations crowd on my mind. Here, the Great Cæsar waved his triumphant ensigns, and daily harranged and disciplined those veteran legions, with which he afterwards conquered his own country, and extinguished forever the declining flame of Roman freedom. Here ignorant pagans prostrated themselves before their lifeless gods. Within the present limits of Paris and its suburbs, Mercury, Isis, Jupiter, Mars and Cybèle once had their groves, altars, victims and worshippers. Here some of the primitive christians, at the hazard of worldly reputation and life, published pardon and salvation to barbarian sinners. This was the metropolis of the heathen Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, who yielding, after long importunity, to the pious entreaties of his catholick consort, Clotilda, renounced his idolatrous worship, and washed away, as he imagined, the impurities of a guilty life, in the baptismal font. But a change of religion, which political motives had chiefly induced, was not likely to be followed by a permanent, salutary change, in the conduct of the aspiring sovereign of the Franks. His policy was still marked with injustice, and his road to enlarged empire was strewn with the bodies of rival kindred and allies, whom open war, or dastard treachery, immolated on the altar of ambition. And yet he was the monarch on whom was first bestowed the title of *Most Christian*; a title, which all his successors tenaciously retained.

Here stood the throne of Charlemagne, who, by his encouragement of learning, and the arts, encircled his brow, with laurels, more unfading than those purchased by his victories. His military exertions in favour of the papal see,



procured him the nominal dignity of Emperor of the West. Popish writers have made him figure in history, not only as the bravest, but also as the most pious, of monarchs. But his wanton murder of four thousand suppliant Saxons, his nine wives and concubines, and a multitude of illegitimate children, too loudly proclaim how easily he moved under the restraints of christianity.

Here, popery has had a luxuriant growth, shot deep its roots, and spread far its branches, more poisonous than the famed Upas. Paris has often been the theatre of religious persecution. Multitudes of conscientious dissenters, from the Catholick faith, have here yielded up their lives the forfeit of their dereliction. "The blood of martyrs has indeed proved the seed of the church." Numbers of the adherents of Luther and Calvin have here, while tied to the stake, or on the torturing rack, displayed such christian fortitude, such magnanimity, such a disposition to forgive even their persecutors, as disarmed the rage, melted the iron hearts of their enemies, and made more proselytes than the preaching perhaps of their whole lives. Here, horrid to think! has existed, and I fear still exists, a race of men, who, in the most refined period of the world, themselves the most refined nation, possessing the knowledge of ages, surrounded by the light of nature, and under the full blaze of gospel evidence, have boldly denied the divinity of the bible, and even the existence of a God! What punishment does not such impiety merit! Heaven has already frowned on it. But why dwell on circumstances, you will ask, with which I have long been acquainted? I acknowledge the impropriety, and without mentioning the many wars, which have had their origin here, or those plans of conquest, which have excited the jealousy of other nations, and often em-



broiled at once half the civilized world, I shall in my next enter directly on the task you have assigned me.

Adieu.

N. B. I shall shortly prepare another letter to accompany this, and send them by Mr. L. via Bordeaux.

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#### REVIEW.

*Discourses delivered chiefly on Sacramental Occasions. By ALEXANDER PROUDFIT, D. D. minister of the gospel, Salem. Dodd and Ramsey, Salem, 1812. p p. 341.*

No species of composition has so direct and permanent an influence on the characters, the conduct, and the interests of men, as the productions of the pulpit. Most people of our country, either from the association of ideas, or in consequence of education, are, with justice, strongly inclined to attach a degree of sanctity, to the declarations of the clerical order. Hence the importance of an orthodox ministry.

Dissertations of a scientifick, and literary character have, for the most part, but an indirect and temporary effect upon the concerns of men: but the truths of the gospel, delivered with apostolical pungency, have often been the means of undermining the foundation of the sinner's hopes, and of leading him directly to Jesus, the impregnable tower of defence. This purification, this change of moral taste, in its duration, and in its importance, can never be

computed by the most enlarged and vigorous powers of a finite intelligence.

No circumstance is so eminently calculated to give to character, a peculiarity of features, as the dispensation of religious instruction. This truth is evident. Witness the distinctive shades, which are delineated in the characters of the Roman Catholics, the Quakers, the Methodists, the Universalists, and the members of every other denomination. Witness also the disparity of features, in the ancient civilized heathen, and the present nations of christendom. The individuals, likewise, of every religious society will, in some degree, exhibit lineaments, which mark the character of their teacher. His principles are their principles; his feelings are their feelings; their temper is a transcript of his: does he glow with a holy fervour, in the cause of Christ; they catch the spirit, which animates him; they are bold to defend the cross, from the unhallowed hands of the profligate; they use every exertion to reclaim the wanderer, to revive the dying flame of piety, and to fortify the principles of wavering virtue. Is the minister cold, languid, indifferent in the cause of his Master; does he doze over his moralizing, or rather demoralizing, essays; is he dead to the life of Christ; his sluggish spirit is transfused into his people; they cordially imbibe the stupifying draught; the energies of spiritual life are destroyed, and they live, and die, destitute of the pure and elevated hopes of the gospel. How important, then, is it, that the preacher of the cross of Christ possess the true spirit of his station!

In times like the present, when the heat of political animosity appears to be burning up every remnant of friendship; when party spirit is withering the fairest flowers of social life; it would seem, that the minister of Jesus had peculiar need to be wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove.

We cannot shake off the conviction, that, as he is professedly a peace maker, he ought to disclaim an intimate connexion with those men, who are influenced by ambitious, rather than by the benevolent, motives, presented in the gospel. His badge should be, the cross of Christ ; his friends, the friends of Christ ; his enemies, the enemies of Christ. He should feel the full force of the Apostle's admonitions, " Let your moderation be known to all men : speak evil of no man, but be gentle, shewing all meekness to all men."

It may not be unimportant, considering the critical state of affairs in our country, to introduce the example of the Rev. Dr. Byles.—At the period of the revolution, being asked why he did not preach politics, he replied: " I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced: In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance. Give me any subject to preach on, of greater consequence, than the truths I bring to you, and I will preach upon it the next sabbath."

We do not indulge the belief, that the messenger of heaven has no right of private judgment upon these subjects, or to the publick manifestation of his judgment; but we do believe, that for him to take a conspicuous part, on the great political theatre, is to act in a manner extremely prejudicial to the tranquility and welfare of the christian church. And we rejoice, that the conduct of this venerable body has, generally, been so shaped, as to meet our views of propriety.

Without troubling our readers with further irrelevant observations, we enter upon the subject proposed. The



work under consideration is a small volume of ten sermons, seven of which were delivered on sacramental occasions. This production did not require years of laborious thought; it is not a work of deep theological research, it does not aim at a thorough discussion of abstract points of doctrine; but it contains the generous effusions of a pious heart. The mind of the author seems imbued with the very spirit of the gospel. In reading some parts of his performance we are almost persuaded that he is entering the limits of enthusiasm; but the solemnity of sentiment; the pathos of sacred eloquence, which all along accompanies us, is such, as to banish the thought of enthusiasm, and raise the imagination above the petty distinctions of this world, to those momentous truths, which are disclosed only in the gospel. We have seldom perused a collection of sermons with equal avidity.

They are appropriate. While the members of Christ's body are about to unite in the solemn, but delightful, service of celebrating their Saviour's death and resurrection; the preacher does not attempt to embitter their minds against sectaries; to demonstrate controverted points in theology; or to shape their opinions according to the blind deductions of human reason; but he exerts all his oratory, all the masculine strength of his mind, all his talents of every description to enkindle, in their breasts, an inextinguishable flame of devotion. He seizes and transports the imagination and the affections; still however, he is careful to include the doctrine, that, by whatever means serious and useful impressions are made upon the mind, they must be effected by the operation of the divine spirit.

His eloquence is of a masculine character. We lose sight of the author, and behold, and admire, the intensity of feeling, and the simple and majestick march of thought. Bold,

powerful and persuasive, he arranges his circumstances, with so much judgment and taste as generally to "display, in the most impressive manner, the most effecting truths of the gospel."

Although we know of scarcely any American production, which approaches nearer to our standard of pulpit oratory, yet it has faults, which, in compliance with our duty as criticks, we must notice. Our respect for Dr. Proudfit, and the favourable impressions, produced upon our minds by the perusal of the work, will not, however permit us to indulge in that latitude, and pungency, of remark, which, in other circumstances, we might exercise.

The volume commences with a sermon on 2 Cor. v. 14. "For the love of Christ constraineth us." After the introduction, he makes two very proper, intelligible, and comprehensive divisions. He adverts I. to some instances of the Saviour's love, and II. to what this love will constrain us, when powerfully felt. It may be remarked, that these discourses are, generally, divided, after the French model, into two or three heads.

In a cursory perusal, we observed a few inaccuracies, some of which we shall now exhibit.

"Had the Redeemer washed off the stain of our iniquities, by the application of rivers of oil, or opened a way to the holiest of all, by a single effort of his arm, his love must have appeared great, but it *appeared* (appears) infinitely greater, when we reflect that our salvation was procured at the *expence* (expense) of so much toil, and shame, and suffering to himself." p. 5.

"The more fully we comprehend the love of a dying Saviour, the more patient we *will* become in tribulation." p. 30.

The word *will* here is a Scotticism, and others frequently occur, in the course of the work.

"Misimprove," p. 63, is an Americanism.

The Saviour is represented as saying of the impenitent, "Curse them, ye ministers of the sanctuary—Curse them, ye apostles of the lamb—Curse them, ye holy martyrs—Curse them, ye prophets of my God—Curse them, ye angels of light," &c. p. 65. When the impenitent are cast into outer darkness, the saints will undoubtedly express a full and complete approbation of the decision of the Almighty; but we question, whether they will be called upon to curse the miserable victims of divine justice.

"His resurrection was attested by Thomas, who *thrust*ed (thrust) his *finger* into the hole, which was made in his side, by the soldier's spear." p. 101. "Reach hither thy *hand*, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing. John xx. 27. But we do not believe that Thomas attempted to perform the command enjoined upon him. He immediately exclaimed, "My Lord, and my God."!

"And no doubt all the spirits of the just, made perfect, dropped their crowns, started from their thrones, and welcomed their Saviour and King, as he entered the gates of glory." p. 109. We cannot but consider this, as too turgid for the gravity of the sacred desk.

"Jehovah has accepted the sacrifice of Christ, and is reconciled to all, whom he represented." p. 120. The same idea occurs in p. 340. "Will you accept of Jesus, in whom Jehovah is reconciled." This is a common, but a very unscriptural method of expression. God is immutable; "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He changeth not. There are certain moral qualities, which, whenever found, are always pleasing to him. When the sinner is converted from sin to holiness, the Most High regards him with affection; not indeed because the divine character is, in the least degree, altered, but because the sinner is made holy; because *he is reconciled* to his Maker. And this is the doc-



trine, which the word of God establishes. "God was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." "Be ye reconciled to God."

Our understandings are not capable of deducing any intelligible and definite idea, from the following words: "Our Lord Jesus Christ liveth as mediator for himself." p. 133. "Now a mediator is not of one"—"There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." To say, Christ mediates in his own behalf, is an absurdity of expression: because, in order to attribute to any one the character of mediator, there must be two parties, which are not on terms of reciprocal friendship, and between which he is to intervene for the establishment of friendly intercourse. We apprehend, that Quintilian's rule, "*non solum ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere curandum,*" is not strictly adhered to, in this instance. If the idea, that our mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, liveth for himself, is meant to be conveyed, our objection is not removed; for no such inference can be tortured from the sentence, without infringing the common use of words. Had not this sentence stood at the head of a paragraph, were it not laid down as a distinct proposition in the discourse, it would have been more pardonable.

"These mediatorial honors, which Christ received from the Father, upon entering the holy place, he dispensed among the celestial throng." p. 137. Can our Saviour divest himself of any part of those honours, which are delegated to him as mediator? If this were possible, can he transfer these honours, in any degree whatever, to the glorified saint? Are they not absolutely unalienable? Would he not, by this act, endow the saint, in some degree, at least, with the functions of mediator? It must be, that

these words are not a faithful transcript of the ideas, which existed in the author's mind.

In order to prove that "all the living members will be collected, where Christ, our Representative, and Head is exalted," p. 143, he adduces this text; "He has raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Without assuming to ourselves the character of infallible critics, in Greek, we may safely allege, that *ouraniois*, which is here rendered *heavenly places*, can bear this translation, with no more propriety, than Eph. i. 3. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in *heavenly places* in Christ." Here it is evident that the sentiment would have been more obvious, and, at this same time, the translation more compatible with the idiom of the Greek language, had it been rendered *heavenly things*. But if *places* is admissible, in any case, which fact the connexion must determine, we do not believe, that the most liberal criticism would permit the sentiment, in the text, to apply exclusively to the heavenly state. The meaning, it is thought, may be found in the following paraphrase. As Christ was raised from the dead, so God hath raised us up from the condition of being dead in our sins, and seated us in the enjoyment of the blessings of the gospel.—No objection is made to the doctrine advanced, but to the evidence adduced in support of it.

"Neither the treachery of one disciple in betraying him; nor of the others in deserting him, in that hour, when chiefly he needed their sympathy; nor all the ignominy, nor agony of the cross, did *not* chill the ardor of his zeal in the advancement of their interests." p. 154. The use of *not*, in this place, is a violation of the rule that *Two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative*.

The classical scholar will observe, in the following sentences, a wrong collocation of adverbs. "We *not merely* commemorate ( ) the resurrection of our dear Redeemer, but that decease, which preceded his resurrection, and procured our own." p. 216. "Those, who deny the utility of learning to the christian ministry, *not only* oppose ( ) the opinions of the most eminent divines, but the practice of the church, in the days of her greatest purity and glory." p. 304.

The eighth sermon was delivered before the Northern Missionary Society, in Troy, Feb. 8, and by particular request at Albany, March 6, 1798.

As far as we are able to judge of the author's principles, from this, and from the other parts of the volume, he adheres firmly to the fundamental doctrines of the gospel.

While strenuous exertions are made, by some modern preachers to drown the joyful acclamations of "hosanna to the Lamb," in the obtruding sound of *oriental idioms, of reason, and of rational religion*; we rejoice to see so able an advocate as Dr. Proudfit advance, in support of the essential divinity of Christ. On this subject, we wish to present our readers with an extract.

"The God-head of Messiah may be pronounced the corner-stone upon which the fabric of redemption is founded. Without this the gospel ceases to afford consolation to ourselves, and, by the savages to whom we are attempting to proclaim it, it cannot be received as a *joyful sound*. The sentiment may be unpopular; it may be branded as illiberal, yet, supported by the word of God, I feel emboldened to utter it, that the prince of darkness is as worthy of our communion, and our countenance, as the man who persists deliberately, wilfully, and avowedly, to deny the deity of our Lord. Thou art the *Son of God*—thou art the *Holy one of God*, are the confessions of Beelzebub to the



glory of Jesus. True it is, devils are his obstinate enemies. Implacably they resist the progress of his kingdom : yet, in *our* opposition to him, there is a colouring of malignity with which these apostate spirits cannot possibly be charged. They never opposed him as *their* Saviour ; and clothed with *their* nature, and appearing exclusively for the purpose of *their* redemption. The finite mind cannot expand to conceive the complicated blasphemies, which are necessarily involved in the denial of this doctrine. It not only charges the Father with inconsistency, who, upon bringing his first begotten into the world, says, *let all the angels of God worship him* : It not only charges the Son with presumption, *who thought it no robbery to be equal with God* ; it not only gives the Holy Ghost the lie, who has afforded the most pointed testimonies to the Saviour's godhead ; it not only charges the angels with idolatry, who ascribe with a loud voice, *salvation to him who sitteth upon the throne* ; but it infuses the worm-wood of perdition into the sweetest cup of christian consolation. Expunge from the sacred page that single truth, that Jesus, our surety, is Jehovah the Eternal, and you rob christianity of the brightest Jewel that adorns her crown : you rob the christian of his comfort in life, of his triumph in death, and of his confidence at the tribunal ; our preaching becomes vain, thy faith, O believer, also is vain, yea and we *are found false witnesses of God*. The deity and atonement of our Lord stand and fall together. Could any, but he who is infinite in his nature, communicate infinite merit to his undertaking ? Could a being who, is not almighty in power, sustain the shock of almighty wrath, and by one offering of himself, expiate the guilt, not only of millions of persons, but also of millions of transgressions in the same persons, which are all infinite in malignity ? Then might this hand grasp the ocean, or this arm wield the elements of nature.—“ The temporary sufferings of him who was Eternal, could alone be a full compensation for the eternal sufferings of those who are temporary.” Rejoice, O christian, in the divinity of thy Redeemer ! This is the name by which he is called,

*the Lord our righteousness.* He is distinguished with every name, and perfection, and honor, and operation of God. He, who suffered as our substitute, is the Father's *Equal*, and *Fellow*, the *brightness of his glory*, and the *express image of his person*. "By him all things were created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him and for him." pp. 222--234.

Our author tells us that "Christ was substituted in our federal room"—"That he sustained, by imputation, our iniquities." p. 231.—That "there was an actual interchange of condition between Messiah and his ransomed." p. 235. Words are arbitrary signs of ideas; but if these are faithful representatives of Dr. Proudfit's sentiment, we must beg leave to declare our dissent. Our limits will not permit us to trace this subject through all its ramifications; but we shall, with as much conciseness as possible, maintain what we conceive to be the cause of truth. He supposes, that sin was transferred from the sinner to Christ; that our sins were imputed to him. We believe, not that our sins were attached to the Saviour, but that he endured the punishment due to our sins, that he suffered for us. On this question it may not be unimportant to premise, that, on our system, the Redeemer's character appears more disinterested, more lovely, than it does on the other: for here he is suffering for the sins of others; there, for sins imputed to him. Besides, if our sins were attached to him, if there was an actual interchange of condition, between him and the sinner, which position the Dr. assumes, does it not follow, as a necessary consequence, that he possessed those qualities, which must be considered by all holy beings, as odious, as being of a piece with moral deformity, or moral turpitude? Why then, at his death, was the vail of the



temple rent in the midst? and why was the earth shrouded in darkness? But let reason bow down, with respectful deference, to the word of God. "Surely he hath borne *our* griefs; he hath carried *our* sorrows; he was wounded for *our* transgressions; he was bruised for *our* iniquities;"—"For the transgression of *my people* was he stricken"—"Who was delivered for *our* offences." It is needless to multiply quotations. The scriptures are full of passages to the same purport. He must make a very nice metaphysical distinction, who would maintain the sentiment, that our sins were imputed, or attached, to Christ, and yet, that he was "holy, harmless, undefiled and seporate from sinners," "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth."—Is it not a given point in theology, that, of the character, to which sin is attached, guilt, or *blameworthiness* is a necessary concomitant? But whoever charges the blessed Redeemer with iniquity, treads upon awful ground. "Which of you," saith Christ, "convinceth me of sin?"

There is another doctrine advanced in this work, which we cannot pass over in silence. It is this—The sin of Adam is imputed to his descendants. He speaks of "the doctrine of our federal representation in the first Adam, and of our condemnation through his fall."—And for a vindication of the divine procedure, in the appointment of Adam our federal head, and imputing his transgressions to our account," he refers us to Meditations on the Lord's Prayer, by Chief Justice Hale, p. 225. It is a lamentable circumstance, that discrepance of opinion should so often, and so violently, jar the harmony of the christian church. But when an important doctrine is advanced, a doctrine, which has a direct bearing upon every son and daughter of Adam, it ought to be carefully examined, that it may either be substantiated, or refuted. We cannot venerate it for its



antiquity, nor yield implicit confidence to it, on account of its general reception.

Many truths of the Bible lie beyond the reach of human investigation; they are too vast to be comprehended by limited faculties: but none of them are directly repugnant to reason. If Adam's sin is imputed to us, either God is unjust in imputing it; or we are culpable for its commission. But let not man arraign the justice of his Maker.—The question then is, are we guilty for Adam's sin? for of sin, it will be acknowledged, guilt is a necessary and inseparable companion. Now, it appears to us to be an intuitive moral truth, or at least a truth of easy demonstration, that guilt is of a personal nature: consequently, and indeed independently of this, we are not culpable for the actions of a man, over whom we had not the least controul; and whose actions were committed ages before we had the power of volition. To admit this doctrine would be a most palpable violation of the clearest dictates of our own reason.

But the word of unerring truth is not silent upon the subject. "In those days they shall say no more, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge; but every one shall die for his own iniquity."—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "The soul, that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

We receive as true the doctrine of original sin, but by this we would be understood to mean, that, in consequence of Adam's transgression, and of the divine appointment, every person comes into existence, with a propensity to sin, or with a natural aptitude for sin, or with a capacity, (if

we may be allowed the term) which of itself invariably rejects holiness, when it is presented, and embraces sin.

Although we do not give unqualified approbation to every sentiment contained in this discourse, yet we heartily approve the ardent, apostolical spirit, which it breaths, and the many cogent arguments, which it offers to excite an interest in the cause of missions.

The IX. sermon is entitled the Female Labourer in the gospel; preached before the Female Society instituted in Salem, for the promotion of christian knowledge, August 6, 1805. In this he clearly shews the superiour advantages, which, in many respects, females enjoy, of advancing the interests of Zion. Reference is particularly had to the favourable opportunity, arising from their condition, of instilling into the tender minds of children, the precious truths of the gospel.

The heart is extremely susceptible of feeling; it vibrates rapidly at the slightest touch of praise. And our author, perhaps like most other men, is by no means unwilling to pay a compliment to the fairer part of society.—He addresses his hearers in these words; “I cannot be charged with extravagance, in asserting, that the zeal of female believers, for diffusing the knowledge of Jesus, has almost *incomparably* outshone, and their deeds of charity to the bodies and souls of men almost *incomparably* exceeded any thing recorded in the history of the male. The *boundless* contributions of a Miss Gray, a Lady Glenorchy, a Lady Huntingdon remain a lasting monument of reproof to men of fortune.” p. 279. We shall not alledge against Dr. Proudfit the charge of *extravagance*, or of having almost *incomparably outshone* all others, in making *boundless contributions* to gratify the appetite for applause; because we do not believe it can be substantiated: but surely he ought



to touch the delicate fibres of the human heart only with a very careful hand.

The following method of expression is ungrammatical; "Is such the manner, in which female christians *have* and may consistently labor with ministers?" p. 280.

The last sermon was delivered at Middlebury Vt. Feb. 21, 1810, at the ordination of Henry Davis D. D. and his induction as President of the College. 2. Cor. xi. 23. "In labours more abundant." This discourse presents in the introduction so many attractions, that we wish to gratify the publick, with the perusal of a short part of it.

"THE traveller, as he draws near the end of his course, feels a pleasure in retracing the different stages through which he passed ; in revolving in his own mind the dangers he escaped, the inconveniencies to which he submitted, and the obstacles which he surmounted in performing his journey : It is a gratification to the labourer at the approach of evening to recollect the various toils of the day ; to take a retrospect of the hardships he endured, of the discouragements under which he was supported, and the success with which his labours were crowned : The soldier towards the conclusion of life finds a pleasure in recollecting the various campaigns in which he served, the dangers he braved, the enemies he vanquished, and the victories he won in fighting the battles of his country. That "good soldier of Jesus Christ," that chief of champions in the cause of christianity whose words we have been reading, frequently indulges himself in reflections of a similar nature. He appears to feel a satisfaction too great for utterance while he recounts the temptations he had resisted, the persecutions he had suffered, the toils he had endured, and the opposition to which he rose superior in advancing the cause of his Saviour and Lord. "In stripes above measure," he mentions, "in deaths often, once was I stoned : thrice I suffered shipwreck ; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils



in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness and painfulness ; in watchings often ; in hunger and thirst ; in cold and nakedness," and as he relates in the words selected for our present discussion, "in labours more abundant." p. 301—302.

We should be glad to present our readers with further extracts, but the nature of our work forbids. The specimens which we have given will, we trust, be sufficient to induce them to peruse the volume.

We object to the use of the words *burst*, *onlooker*, *quash*, &c. as not being Attic. Peculiar is often used for particular.

The style is rather too diffuse ; some sentences are so long as necessarily to introduce a degree of obscurity. He, for the most part, adopts the *style periodique*,—the *plera ac numerosa oratio*.

To our christian readers, we would recommend this work as eminently calculated to animate the timid ; to awaken the languishing spirit of religion ; to kindle a flame of piety in the breast and to make it burn with the fervour of devotion.

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## DEPARTMENT

OF THE

## SCIENCES AND ARTS.

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### ON THE THEORY OF THE TIDES.

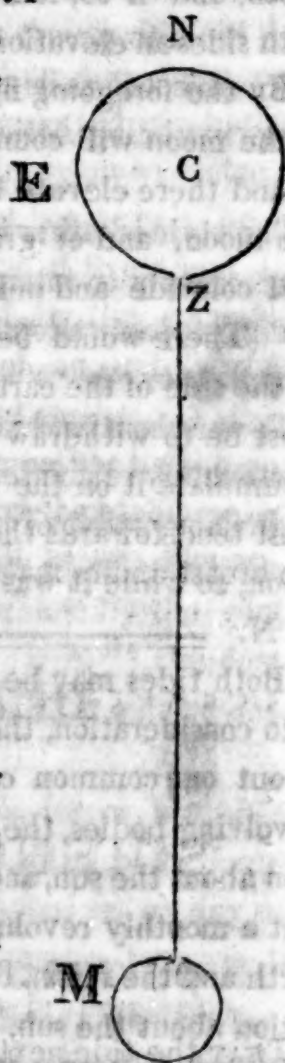
THAT the tide next to the moon is produced, by the attraction of that body, is very evident ; but how to account for the tide on the opposite side, is more difficult.

It is accounted for by an author in the following manner.

"The same cause, that raises the waters, where the moon

is in the Zenith, causes their elevation, at the same time, in places under the Nadir; for these parts being less attracted by the moon, gravitate less towards the centre of the earth, and the sea there will be more elevated."

This theory has been stated in a more scientific manner thus; "The attraction of bodies decreases, as the squares of their distances increase. By this hypothesis and the annexed figure, where M is the moon, E the earth, C its centre, Z the place where the moon is in the Zenith, and N where in the Nadir, it is evident that the water in Z being nearer, is more drawn by the moon, than the centre of the earth C is, and that again more than the water in N. Wherefore the water in Z hath a tendency, towards the moon, contrary to that of gravity, being equal to the excess of gravitation in Z above that in C; and in the other case the water in N tending less, towards the moon, than the centre C, will be less pressed, by as much as is the difference of the gravitations towards the moon in C and N. This rightly understood, it follows plainly, that the sea, which would be otherwise spherical, by the pressure of the moon, must form itself into a spheroidal, or oval figure, whose longest diameter is where the moon is vertical, and shortest where she is in the Horizon, and that the moon shifting her position as she turns round the earth once a day,



this oval of water shifts with her, occasioning thereby the two floods and ebbs, observable in each 25 hours."

This theory, to the writer, has not been altogether satisfactory, or intelligible. It is easy to conceive, that the water, upon the surface of the earth, nearest the moon, will be more attracted to that body, than the water on the remote side; but still on both sides it is attracted towards the moon, and if so, it is difficult to see how there can be on both sides an elevation.

By the foregoing figure, it is evident, that the attraction of the moon will counteract the attraction of gravitation at Z, and there elevate the waters; but at N the attraction of the moon, and of gravitation towards the earth's centre will coincide and unite their force to depress the water at N. There would be but one tide in a day, and that at Z, on the side of the earth nearest the moon. The tendency must be to withdraw the water from the remote side, and accumulate it on the other. The whole body of water must tend towards the side of the earth presented to the moon, so while it was elevated at Z, it would be depressed at N.

Both tides may be satisfactorily accounted for by taking into consideration, the revolution of the earth and moon about one common centre. Agreeable to the laws of all revolving bodies, the earth has not only an annual revolution about the sun, and a diurnal revolution about its axis, but a monthly revolution about the common centre of the earth and the moon. The centre of the earth in its revolution about the sun, does not describe a perfect ellipse, but in every revolution of the moon, it alternates with that body from the external to the internal side of the elliptic curve, and is always on the side opposite to the moon. The true ellipse of the earth's orbit, is described, not by the earth's



centre, but by the common centre of that and the moon; and those, who have but the smallest share of astronomical knowledge, must see that the earth performs a small revolution, about this common centre, and of course that there must be, in reference to this centre, a centripetal and a centrifugal force, which will account for the two tides on the opposite sides of the earth.\*

This may be illustrated by the foregoing figure.

Suppose E to be a large vessel of water, representing the earth, M a small vessel representing the moon, each attached to the two ends of a lever, supported in a horizontal posture by a pivot at Z, which is the common centre between these two unequal bodies. Let the vessels be put into a rapid revolution about this centre, it is evident that the water in the vessel E, will recede, by the centrifugal force, towards the back part at N, which accurately represents the tide on the remote side of the earth.

Again consider these vessels as held together by the power of attraction, and there will be a centripetal force, giving the water a tendency towards the other side at Z. Thus both tides are accounted for, the one by the centrifugal and the other by the centripetal force. The centripetal force and the attraction of the moon, it will be observed, are the same power.

The centrifugal and the centripetal forces are always equal, and this accounts for the two tides being equal, which could not be satisfactorily accounted for by any other theory. Increase the power of attraction towards the moon, and you will increase both tides in proportion. If you make the body M equal to the body E, you will proportionally increase the attractive power of M, and of course the tide raised by it on the earth at Z. The com-

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\* We presume the writer of the above remarks would by no means

mon centre, instead of being near the body E, will be equidistant from both bodies, and of course E must have a greater revolution, and a greater centrifugal force, which will raise a greater tide at N. The tides therefore on each side will be equally increased, and however you vary the proportion between the attracting bodies, the tides will vary in the same proportion, but the two tides on the opposite sides of the earth must be equal to each other.

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[From the New-England Journal of Medicine and Surgery.]

ACCOUNT

OF THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITORS, FROM PARKER CLEAVELAND, ESQ.  
 PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY IN  
 BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

It is not in the least surprising, that an agent so subtle and powerful as electricity, and so wonderful in its effects, should have excited much speculation, and led to many fanciful conjectures with regard to its influence, as a remedy in disease. Not content that it should occupy its proper rank, its friends have in some periods, gradually extended its supposed efficacy to almost every disease incident to the human system. But whatever may have been the varying reputation of electricity, in regard to its medical application; sufficient is now known to authorise the belief, that it is a powerful agent in the animal economy, and exerts an

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have it understood, that this hypothesis of the tides is original in him. Precisely the same theory was taught at Dartmouth College, by Bazaleel Woodward, Esq. Professor of Mathematics and natural Philosophy, for a number of years, to the successive classes in that Institution.



important influence on the human body, both in a healthy and diseased state. It may yet prove to be the principal agent in the secretions, compositions, and decompositions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. One thing is certain; the only method of ascertaining its effects on the human system, is by careful experiment, accurate observation, and a numerous collection of facts. The discovery of galvanism can hardly fail of promoting these objects, by the facilities it presents for electrical inquiry.

The following cases may not contain any thing hitherto unobserved, but many important facts have undoubtedly been lost by the want of some general repository, like the "New England Journal," in which they might be deposited. Such insulated facts, when collected and compared, may hereafter lead to some important general deductions.

In April last, Mr. P. of Bath, called on me for the purpose of receiving electricity. He was entirely deprived of the power of speech, and unable to produce any distinct sound. With a great and painful effort he succeeded in making known his wishes by an imperfect whisper. When he thus whispered, both the shoulders were considerably raised. He complained of numbness and stricture in the breast. In this situation Mr. P. had continued without relief for about six weeks. His general health was comfortable. At first I permitted him to receive several shocks from a Leyden jar of the capacity of one pint, about half charged, causing the fluid to pass from one hand to the other through the arms and breast. This charge he did not appear to feel above the wrists. I then gave the jar very nearly its full charge, and passed it two or three times through the breast. He then spoke, in a very audible manner, saying "my voice is coming." His voice then resembled that of a man somewhat hoarse with a cold.



He added, "I feel a little of it (meaning the numbness) yet about the lower part of my breast." I then passed two or three similar charges through the part in which the numbness was felt. By this time Mr. P. spoke with his natural voice, and, as he assured me, with perfect ease; being entirely free from any numbness. As he was leaving the laboratory, I observed that the finger which he had applied to the brass knob of the jar, was entirely devoid of colour. It was cold and incapable of sensation. I passed a few charges through it, and in the course of a few minutes its colour returned.

So great a change in the space of five minutes was to me surprising; and I took the liberty of requesting Dr. Stockbridge of Bath, whose patient Mr. P. was, and who had sent him to me for the aforesaid purpose, to furnish me with a history of this man. Dr. S. very politely forwarded me an account of his patient; of which the following is an abstract. In October, 1787, Mr. P. (being then eighteen years old) while making uncommon efforts to lift a boat, felt something give way in his back. He immediately fell to the ground, and there remained several minutes, in great pain with fainting. After recovering so much as to walk, he waded through water as deep as his breast, and received a severe cold. In about a week he was attacked with a fever, attended with acute pain in the left side of the throat, and a severe cough without expectoration. His fever soon left him, but he remained infirm about five years, and was supposed by his physician to be consumptive. On the expiration of this time he so far recovered his health, as to be able to attend to his usual business. He was, however, soon visited by another disease. This commenced with a trembling of the extremities, and an indescribable uneasiness in the feet and hands, extending in a few minutes to

the breast, and causing him instantly to fall senseless and convulsed. After remaining from two to five minutes, he recovered, and felt no inconvenience, excepting some degree of debility. He was frequently attacked in the same way, and generally after great fatigue and exposure to cold.

Mr. P. is a tanner. In June, 1796, while shaving leather at the currying beam, he was seized with acute pain at the point of the sternum and short ribs. This suddenly extended up the breast to the throat, and instantly subsided, leaving him entirely deprived of the power of speech, with a sensation of numbness and stricture across the lungs. The power of coughing was almost suspended, and it was with difficulty and a painful sense of suffocation, that any mucus collected on the lungs, could be expectorated. In this state he remained eighteen days, his general health being good, and sleep easy. He was at this time relieved by a few shocks of electricity, passed through the chest. Mr. P. enjoyed comfortable health, till September, 1802, when he was again deprived of the power of speech. He complained of numbness and stricture on each lobe of the lungs, while in the region of the sternum he felt free and natural. At this time he applied to Dr. S. who advised an epispastic, and a free use of onions, garlic, &c. By feeding on these, he found himself relieved without employing the blister. He continued subject to slight returns of this disease, until 1806, when a large abscess formed on the back between the scapula and spine, suppurated and discharged copiously; after which he was entirely free from any attack, and enjoyed good health till the last spring, when he was relieved in the manner before related. A short time since I understood he continued in the possession of comfortable health.



Another case, in which the subject was deprived of the power of speech, and in which electricity was applied without success, was that of a child, aged about ten years.—While engaged in play, one of his companions threw a stone, which struck him on the back of the neck; in consequence of which blow, the child instantly became unable to speak, and his tongue remained incapable of motion, being very much withdrawn from the mouth toward the throat. In about half an hour he so far recovered his speech, as to inform his parents in what manner he had been injured. He then relapsed, and remained incapable of speaking for two months. On application to Dr. Lincoln, of Topsham, he advised to employ electricity. The child was accordingly brought to me for that purpose; but, so great was his terror, I was unable to pass any shocks through the neck. I could do no more than fill the child with the fluid, and draw a few sparks through flannel from the neck. No good effect followed. Dr. L. then applied a blister, which afforded immediate relief.

A short time after, the same child, falling backward from his seat at school, and striking the same part of his neck, where he had received the blow from the stone; was again deprived of the power of speech. In this situation his friends permitted him to remain for five years, without causing any application to be made. At the expiration of this period, the boy was engaged in a violent scuffle, in which his limbs were very much exerted, and his passions somewhat excited. During the ensuing night he awoke from sleep, found his tongue at command, and the power of speech returned. Very possibly electricity might have given relief in the latter case, could it have been communicated in shocks. This, however, cannot be inferred from



the former case, as the loss of speech, in the two instances, was attended by very different circumstances.

Oct. 9, 1812.

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From the New-England Journal of Medicine and Surgery.

REVIEW.

*Annual Address, delivered by appointment, before the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts, at the capitol, in the city of Albany, on the 3d of February, 1813. By Theodorick Romeyn Beck, Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons (New-York) and one of the Counsellors of the Society, for the promotion of Useful Arts. Albany, printed by Websters & Skinners, 1813. p.p. 44.*

The subject of this address is peculiarly interesting. The object is to present to the public a compressed view of the mineralogical resources of the United States, and to point out the uses of the fossils and minerals already discovered in the formation and extension of our domestic manufactures. It is, therefore, an original work, for we do not recollect that one of this kind has ever been published in this country. The information afforded by the learned editor of the "Mineralogical Journal" is much more limited. It is confined to the description of the analyses, of insulated specimens, and to the oryctognostic or geognostic characters of small districts. But it is not the less useful, since it furnishes us with important facts, which at a future period, may form the basis of many general and practical conclusions.

The subject of mineralogy, has within a comparatively short period attracted the attention, not only of the nat.

uralist, but also of the man of business. The former pursues it with ardour from the pleasure he enjoys in the study of nature and from the laudable wish of adding some new fact to the stock of human knowledge; the latter, with the prospect of obtaining wealth, or at least, with the hope of preserving the property which has been acquired by honest industry, but which for some time past he has not been able to employ in the usual routine of commerce. In Massachusetts the *metallurgic mania* was one of the results of the system of "commercial restrictions;" many have been injured, by the blind confidence with which they entered into speculations in mines, without an adequate knowledge of the extent, or even the nature of the ores, and by the erection of expensive works, before they had collected materials, or been satisfied of the experience, the knowledge, and the integrity of their artists. To the nation at large there may be some alleviation for individual misfortune, in the belief, that in consequence of this eagerness of pursuit, the face of the country has in part been explored, that many beds of ores and a multitude of articles capable of being manufactured have been discovered, and that those in whose possessions they now are, will profit by the errors of their predecessors, and render their process not only less complicated and expensive, but also more productive. With regard, however, to the influence which the knowledge of our resources of this kind, may have in promoting the establishment of manufactories, and the effect on the morals of the inhabitants of these states, we shall observe in the language of Dr. Beck, that, "it cannot be the wish of any true patriot, that the United States should become, in the strict sense of the word, a manufacturing country. The disease, vice and diversified forms of misery that exist in those parts of England from whence our hardware and



cloths are obtained, are sufficient to make the most sanguine advocate for the encouragement of manufactures tremble. After all that has been written and said on the subject, together with the notice that our national legislature are giving to it, the wants of the country are the true data, which must guide to a decision on this subject."

It can hardly be supposed that in a country like this, which is so thinly inhabited, and in which the science of mineralogy has been so lately introduced, either extensive or accurate information can be obtained of the amount of our mineralogical resources. It is more than probable, that we are acquainted but with a very small proportion of what we really possess. Our progress must necessarily be gradual. As this branch of natural history is more studied as the art of analysis is acquired, as new roads are formed, quarries and canals are opened, and the country is cleared and cultivated, our fossils and minerals will be brought into view, and we may probably be astonished at the profusion with which the bounteous hand of Providence has scattered those mineral riches which are essential to the comfort, the refinement or the luxury of man.

The author of this address has been indefatigable in his researches, and much time and labour must have been expended in searching for the authorities which are every where quoted in this little work. It is this however, which renders it valuable, as his knowledge is derived from authentic and legitimate sources. We shall now present our readers with a few extracts, by which they will be enabled to judge of the nature and merits of this pamphlet.

"The existence of iron in the present United States appears to have been known at a very early period to the colonists. In the year 1620, the company to whom the province of Virginia had been granted, sent out 150 persons to



erect three iron works.\* The success of this attempt is not stated. In 1645, permission to make iron, was granted by the legislature of Massachusetts, and in consequence works were erected in several towns.† Nearly a century afterwards (in 1731) there were in New-England, six furnaces for hollow ware and nineteen forges.‡ In 1715, pig and bar iron were first made in Virginia, and the flourishing state of the manufactories of this metal in the colonies may be inferred from the fact of the British Parliament in 1719, enacting several restrictive clauses unfavourable to these works§ Since the revolution, new mines have been continually discovered, and in general worked to great advantage. At present there is scarcely a state, in which iron is not found. From actual enumeration it appears that in 1810 the furnaces, forges and bloomeries in the United States amounted to 530, of which this state furnished 69.|| If they have increased with the same rapidity in other states as they have in ours, their number at this time cannot be much short of six hundred. The value of the iron and its manufactories annually made in the United States, is estimated by Mr. Gallatin, at from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars,¶ whilst the imported metal, in its forms of bar-iron, steel, &c. is supposed to average near four millions."

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\* Holmes' American Annals, vol. 1, p. 205.

† Ibid. - - - vol. 1, p. 335.

‡ Ibid. - - - vol. 2, p. 130.

§ Oddy's European Commerce, vol. 2, p. 286.

|| Mitchell's view of the manufactures in the United States, in the American Med. and Philos. Register, vol. 2, p. 413.

¶ Gallatin's report on the state of American manufactures in 1810. The manufactures of iron in the state of Pennsylvania amounted in that year to the value of \$5,869,437. (Mease's Picture of Philadelphia, p. 80.)

"The ores of iron which are found in this country, are for the most parts, *magnetic iron stone*, *brown hæmatite*, and *bog iron ore*.\* The *sparry iron stone* has also been discovered and used. These different kinds are among the most valuable species of the mineral. They all yield an abundant per centage of ore, so as in most cases to bring a handsome profit to the proprietors. Several local circumstances conduce to this end. The cheapness of charcoal, the almost inexhaustible supply that our forests promise, the beds of coal that are continually discovering, are all arguments in favour of our nurturing this domestic manufacture. The only deficiency appears to originate from the want of workmen who are sufficiently intelligent, or acquainted with modern improvements. The consequence is, that the iron has not been properly prepared, and holds in our markets a comparatively small value, on account of its inferior quality.† A short period of time will doubtless remedy this defect. Men of capital and information are taking these establishments into their hands, and will press into their service American integrity and talents, together with all the aid that emigration affords.

"Although foreign iron, (particularly Russia and Swedes) has in general the superiority of character in our markets, yet there are some instances in which American ranks higher than either; this is particularly the case with that manufactured at the *Ancram iron works* in this state. It is said to be superior to any now in use for iron wire, chains, &c.

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\* In noticing various minerals, I have adopted the names, and in general the arrangement, used by Jameson in his system of oryctognosie.

† This fact is noticed by Mr. Gallatin in his report. Vide also Col. Gibb's notice of the Vergennes' iron works in Bruce's Mineralogical Journal, No. 2. p. 84.

since it combines malleability and strength in a remarkable degree. This kind of iron sells at a higher price than either of the above.

"An enumeration of what has been effected in this branch of manufactures, will evince our rapid improvement, as well as mark what is yet to be done. Our domestic resources at this time supply us with almost every article that is needed in agricultural labours. Should it be found impracticable at any period to procure iron from foreign countries, the present works would doubtless be fully competent to meet the demand. The various implements which are necessary in husbandry, and the thousand uses to which different forms of this metal are applied on farms, together with those needed for domestic, and culinary purposes, employ much of the active industry of our citizens. Various mechanical occupations also consume a large quantity of iron. Ship building is an art in which a vast amount is used. The contrast between our situation, half a century ago, and our commercial greatness some years since, "when our thousand sails whitened every sea, and visited every shore," is a proud proof of our advancement in naval architecture.\* In some instances our progress is still more striking. Gen. Hamilton, in his masterly report on manufactures, states, that in the year 1790, there were imported into the United States one million eight hundred

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\* Among the documents accompanying the report of the naval committee made at the present session of congress, there is an estimate of the expense of building a seventy four gun ship, by Mr. Humphreys, a ship builder. The whole amount of cost is estimated at three hundred and forty two thousand seven hundred dollars. Of this, thirty nine thousand one hundred is put down for smiths' works, anchors, &c. more than 1/9 of the whole expense.



thousand pounds of nails.\* In 1816, (though we still imported this article in considerable quantity,) there were manufactured in this state alone, nails to nearly the same amount. The making of cut nails is claimed as an American invention;† if this be the case, the nation possesses the honour, as well as the advantage of so useful an improvement. It appears to have originated in the state of Massachusetts as early as the year 1787.”‡

“Coal is an article arranged under the class of *inflammables*. This substance, which is daily becoming more valuable on account of the increasing scarcity and price of wood has been found in various situations. It is now generally allowed, that it has a vegetable origin, but theorists differ as to its formation. The Wernerian, attributes it to an aqueous process, while the Huttonian supposes heat acting under partial compression, to be the cause.§ The phoe-

\* Page 83. Williams and Whiting's edition.

† By Gallatin, vide report.

‡ In the town of Commington, (Berkshire) they were first made from hogshead hoop. For these and several other important facts I am indebted to Mr. S. Stafford, one of the proprietors of an extensive iron furnace in this vicinity. [Since delivering the address I have been informed by Mr. Benjamin Peck, of Milton, (Saratoga county) that the credit of the invention is due to Mr. Josiah Waterman, of the town of Cumberland, in the state of Rhode-Island. It was commenced as early as the year 1776, and the first use to which they were appropriated was the making of cards. Mr. Peck is now a partner in the iron trade with the inventor's son.]

§ Vide Murrays System of Chemistry, second edit. vol. 3, p. 636. For some curious facts connected with this subject, vide the notice of and extracts from the paper of Dr. Nugent, on the pitch lake of Trinidad, in Edin. Rev. No. 37, art. 9.

nomena attending the discovery of coal in this country may probably strengthen one or the other of these hypotheses. Coal in a general way may be classed into two divisions. *Bituminous* coal, a kind which is highly inflammable, and burns with a vivid flame. This species is used for fuel, and answers the required purpose; but for various mechanical occupations, such as the smelting of iron ore, drying malt, burning of lime, and making earthen ware, coal is required that will give a strong and steady heat, without evolving any smoke or bituminous vapour. For this purpose, the English coal, which is generally of the bituminous kind, is exposed to a great heat and its volatile parts expelled. It is then called *Coke*. Some years since the earl of Dundonald suggested a plan of saving these volatile products, which was adopted by him with great success.\* — The bitumen was condensed into tar, and it is said that by this method the English marine, was for several years, supplied with that important item in ship building.† *Another species of coal* is that which is found destitute of bitumen, and in consequence is used in the arts without any previous preparation. Of this nature is the Kilkenny coal, which from analysis is found to contain ninety seven parts of pure carbon out of the hundred,‡ and the anthracite or glance coal (blind coal.) Both these kinds are found in the United States. The former exists in Virginia, on both sides of the James' river over a tract of fifteen or 20 miles. It has already become an important article in domestic commerce.

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\* One hundred and twenty tons of coal yielded three and a half tons of tar. Nicholson's Dictionary.

† Chaptal's Chemistry, vol. 3. p. 342.

‡ Kirwan's analysis of various species of English coal, in Murray's Chemistry, vol. 3. p. 635.



The latter has been discovered in the state of Rhode-Island, in a state almost as pure as the Kilkenny coal;\* and in Pennsylvania, at Wilkesbarre, and on the Lehigh.† Indications of this mineral are found in the state of New-York, New-Jersey and Maryland."

"Sulphuric acid and lime united form *gypsum*. From that obtained at Montmatre in the vicinity of the capital of France, the plaister of Paris used in commerce, is formed. *Sulphate of lime* is found in a state of great purity in Onondaga‡ and Madison counties, and on the borders of Cayuga lake. The quantities procured there are very great, and supply many parts of this and adjacent states. During the last year, it is calculated that six thousand tons have been sent into Pennsylvania from the vicinity of Cayuga lake.§ It is also discovered in New-Jersey. Besides its very important use in agriculture, it is employed for the formation of stucco, and in modelling, if it be of uniform texture, and sufficiently delicate colour. Several beautiful specimens of *fibrous gypsum* have been found at Onondaga."

To the manufactures mentioned by Dr. Beck, we may add, in Massachusetts, the formation of steel wire at Med-

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\* Carbon ninety four, ashes six. Vide "an inquiry into the chemical properties and character of that species of coal lately discovered in Rhode-Island, &c." Published in the third supp. to Barton's Med. and Physical Journal, p. 221.

† Strata of coal are found at Pittsburgh, and probably extend into the state of Ohio. It is also found in Tennessee, and the Indiana and Illinois Territories.

‡ Vide Warden's analysis of Onondaga sulphate of lime, in the Med. Repos. vol. 13, p. 76.

§ This information was communicated to Simeon De Witt, Esq. by J. Geddis, one of the corresponding secretaries of the Society.



ford, the manufacture of copperas at Winthrop, Maine ; of sulphuric acid at Charlestown, and of carbonate of magnesia, near New Bedford ; where works sufficiently extensive have been erected to produce from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds annually. The article thus made is superior to the European magnesia.

While on this subject we have thought that it would not be unacceptable to many of our readers to know the number and nature of the minerals and fossils which have been observed in Massachusetts proper, and the District of Maine. We do not present it as a complete catalogue. It merely contains those which have come to our knowledge.

*Earthy fossils.*

Emerald,	near Boston.
Beryl,	District of Maine.
Garnet common,	very common.
Garnet massive,	Newburyport.
Schrol,	very common.
Indicolite,	Worcester county.
Quartz amorphous and chrystallized,	very common.
Quartz amethystine,	Maine.
Prase,	near Boston.
Flint,	Saco, Maine.
Flint slate,	Quincy, &c.
Prehnite,	Charlestown.
Feldtspar,	very common.
Feldtspar flesh-coloured,	Maine.
Staurotide,	Mass. and Maine.
Adularia,	common.
Potter's clay,	Charlestown,
Roofing slate,	common.

White slate, novacolite,	Dorchester.
Mica, iridescent,	Hampshire.
Mica common,	very common.
Mica, black crystallized,	Maine.
Chiaustolite, macle,	Maine.
Chlorite, earthy and slaty,	common.
Hornblende,	ditto.
Basalt, columnar,	near N. Hampshire.
Wacce,	Roxbury.
Fuller's earth,	
Steatite,	Middlefield.
Serpentine, noble and common,	Newburyport.
Talc,	Middlefield.
Asbestos ligniform,	Newburyport.
Aminathus	ditto.
Actynolite,	Brighton.
Pistazite,	Goshen.
Tremolite,	Newburyport.
Limestone compact,	Thomaston, Maine.
—— granular,	Pittsfield, &c. &c.
Flexible marble,	ditto.
Cale spar,	Northampton, &c.
Satin spar,	Newburyport.
Rhomb spar,	Middlefield.
Phosphate of lime, in granite,	not uncommon.
Flour spar,	Northampton.
Selenite,	Milton, small quant's.
Fibrous Gypsum,	do. do.
Heavy spar lamellated,	Hatfield.
—— tabular,	ditto.
Granite,	common.
Graphic Granite,	Topsham, Me.
Gneiss,	common.

Mica slate,	common.
Porphyry, red and green,	Malden.
Sienite,	Quincy.
Grunstein,	common.
Grunstein, containing shells,	Maine.
Petrosilex,	Chelsea.
Siliceous Amigdaloid,	Malden, &c.

*Inflammable Fossils.*

Bituminous wood,	Gayhead.
Anthracite,	Me. in small quantities
Bituminous coal,	{ some indications near { Connecticut river.

*Metals.*

Copper pyrites,	Northamp. Woburn.
Variegated copper ore,	ditto.
Azure copper,	ditto.
Iron pyrites,	very common.
Specular iron ore,	Malden.
Micaceous iron ore,	
Fibrous brown Hæmatite,	Merrimack river.
Clay iron stone,	ditto.
Jaspery clay iron stone,	ditto.
Columnar clay iron stone,	Gayhead.
Nodular ore,	Plymouth.
Phosphate of iron,	ditto.
Magnetic iron ore, chrystallized,	Maine.
Bog and Meadow ore,	common.
Native vitriol of iron,	Gayhead, &c.
Iron sand,	Maine.



Galena,	Northampton, &c.
Sulphate of lead,	ditto.
Muriate of lead,	ditto.
Phosphate of lead,	ditto.
Molybdate of lead,	ditto.
Blende, sulphuret of zinc,	ditto.
Arsenical pyrites,	
Native arsenic,	Gayhead.
Molybdena, sulphuret,	Maine.

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## INTELLIGENCE

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

#### *Georgia Porcelain Earth.*

AN extensive bed of Porcelain Earth has, we learn, recently been discovered in a tract of country lying about thirty miles north west from Augusta, in the State of Georgia. We have obtained a small specimen of the mineral from the Rev. Oliver Hulburt, formerly Professor of the Languages in Middlebury College, and now resident, as a preacher, at Waynesborough, Georgia. The *earth* is said to be of two kinds—the white, and the red. The sample, which we have in our possession, is of the former description. It resembles the Limoges clay, of which the most elegant of the French porcelain is manufactured, except in this particular—it seems to be more completely decomposed; so that the silicious particles, which are very apparent in the French specimens, are scarcely visible in that from Georgia. In this respect, it is not unlike the Monkton porcelain earth, described in our first No. It appears to be less compact, and feels less soapy, than the Philadelphia clay.

We cannot help expressing the hope, that some gentleman, of opulence and enterprise, in that region of the union, may, on examining the material, find it sufficiently good, and sufficiently abundant, to induce him to erect an establishment for the manufacture of porcelain ware. And, should his works succeed well, he would render an essential service to his country, and, no doubt obtain a handsome emolument for himself.

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A NEW WORK—PROPOSED.

Mr. Harrison Hall, of Philadelphia, for several years the conductor of an extensive distillery at Lamberton, in New-Jersey, proposes to submit to the publick the result of his experience in this business, in a practical treatise entitled *Hall's Distiller*.

In this work he promises to give "full and particular directions for mashing and distilling all kinds of grain, and imitating Holland Gin and Irish Whiskey—a notice of the different kinds of stills in use in the U. States, and of the Scotch stills, which may be run off 480 times in 24 hours—a treatise of Fermentation, containing the latest discoveries on the subject—directions for making Yeast, and preserving it sweet for any length of time—the Rev. Mr. Allison's process of Rectification, with improvements; and the mode of imitating French Brandy, &c. Instructions for making all kinds of Cordials, Compound Waters, &c.—also, for making Cider, Beer, and various kinds of Wines, &c. &c." This work is adapted to the use of Farmers as well as Distillers. *Fed. Republican.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A NEW ENGLAND TRAVELLER,  
DATED, MOUNT VERNON, 28 MAY, 1813.

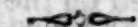
“On our way from Fredericksburg, Virginia, we visited Mount Vernon, and were highly compensated for our trouble. It is beautifully situated on the bank of the Potowmac, which glides majestically along, and leaves the delightful spot, after saluting it with its foaming waves. I was charmed with the scenery, the magnificent mansion, the paintings, the gardens, and the serpentine walks, which surround the edifice. Our attendant led us, last of all, to the tomb of our political Father.—Who can view this interesting spectacle without dropping the tear of sympathy over the Manes of departed greatness !

Our guide moved the double bolt, and forced open the door, creaking on its turning hinges. We entered the solemn, silent house ;—I am unable to describe the scene, or to paint my own feelings. It was the common family vault—the deposit of preceding generations. No regularity was evident in the arrangement of the dead ; the coffins were placed one upon the other in a confused manner. By the side of Washington sleeps the partner of his joys and his sorrows. Beneath, in a more humble posture, rests his aged sire. At a little distance, lies a beloved brother, who had treated him with paternal affection, and had bequeathed him a large inheritance.—I did not ascertain the number of coffins.—Our stay in the melancholy abode was short.

The lapse of time has clad the tomb with grass, and with trees of considerable magnitude. I plucked an elegant flower from the surface of the vault. It was emblematical of the *man* ; its loveliness had already faded—its fragrance had departed. The drooping locust gently fans the sleeping dust ; the cyprus weeps over it ; the willow mourns ; the hemlock sighs—but alas, it sighs in vain.—The Father of



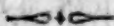
our country sleeps unnoticed, almost unremembered. No insignia distinguish him from the lowest individual of the family. No sculptured stone; no monumental brass, will tell the future wanderer where the Veteran lies."



## THE UPAS.

Mr. Lechenault de la Tour, one of the naturalists who sailed with Captain Baudin, has given us an account of the trees, the juice of which the natives of Java, Borneo, and Macassar employ to poison their arrows; and which, under the name of *Upas*, have lately been the subject of such exaggerated accounts. There are two species of these poisons, the *upas anthiare*, and the *upas thientè*. Both these destroy life in a few minutes, by the slightest wound, but the latter is the most violent. This is the extract of a species of *strychnos*, a woody plant of the family of *apocinæ*, which raises itself by climbing to the branches of the highest trees. The other exudes from a large tree which Mr. Lechenault names *Anthiaria Toxicaria*, and which belongs to the family of *urticæ*.

*New Eng. Journal of Med. and Surgery.*



## HEIGHT OF MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN.

A young gentleman, a member of the College in this town, resident, the last winter, in the neighbourhood of Monadnock Mountain, Cheshire County, N. H. had the curiosity to attempt the measurement of its elevation. The operation was performed by means of trigonometry. From observations taken by him, the height, from the base to the summit, was calculated, and found to be 2450 feet.

## BURNING SPRINGS.

*An account of some singular springs in the town of Honeoye, Ontario County, New-York, in a letter from a gentleman, dated Honeoye 10 July 1813, and addressed to one of the Editors of the Repertory.*

SIR—You probably have seen, in the publick prints, mention made of the discovery of a “Burning Spring,” in the town of Bristol in this County. Since that was found, three different ones have been discovered in this town.—Presuming you would feel interested in learning the particulars respecting these singular Phenomena, I shall endeavour to give a description of their external appearance—and, not being myself a chymist, shall be very particular, not knowing from what circumstance you may be enabled to form an opinion of their origin. The different ones being very similar in their appearance, I shall speak of one only.

This was discovered by some small children, who were passing over it with bare feet, which were so sensibly affected by the heat, that they were led to search for the cause. They found a small spot of earth, which appeared to be very much heated, and a vapour rising from it to the height of six, or eight feet. On their representation, others were led to examine further. The earth being removed to the depth of about three feet, a rock was discovered, from a fissure in which, a very strong current of air proceeded, smelling very much like *rotten eggs*.

The rock, which resembles slate, lies in a horizontal position, and before it is exposed to the atmospherick air, can be easily crumbled to pieces with the fingers. It is on a level with the bed of a small stream, two or three rods distant—is covered with a bituminous substance, and when I had washed my hands, which were covered with it, in examining and removing the earth, it appeared to possess the quali-

ties of *soap*. The earth from the surface to the rock, appeared very much like that, on which a coal-kiln had been burned, and when wet, in digging, it so closely adhered to the shovel, and hoe, that it was necessary frequently to scrape them with a knife, or a sharp stick. The air in rushing out made a noise, that might be distinctly heard to the distance of ten rods.

This spot was first discovered three years ago, but the combustible quality of the air not known until a few days since, when Lieut. Wilson, John Dixon, Esq. and myself,\* were induced to examine it. The hole, which had been dug, was now filled with water, and no uncommon appearance was exhibited. We proceeded to bale out the water—when the intolerable stench it produced put it beyond a doubt, that there was *something* extraordinary. Bubbles began to arise—we applied a burning taper—a flash was produced. We removed the whole of the water, and, on a second trial, produced a constant flame, which would continue until the water rose above it. The flame is like that of burning spirits, and the smell of the smoke like that of burning *sea-coal*. The air does not escape in equal quantities at different times, which occasions a noise like the *boiling of clothes in a kettle of water*.

We now concluded that we could collect it in its purity, in which we were not disappointed. We took a bladder, and after expelling the air with which it was filled, and restoring its elasticity by washing it in warm water, while it was collapsed, introduced into the neck of it the tube of a fun-

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\* The most perfect confidence may be reposed in the correctness of this statement. We have the pleasure to be acquainted with all the individuals abovenamed, and believe them to be gentlemen of indubitable veracity. *Ed.*



nel ; making it air tight with wax. Then inverted the funnel over the bubbles, which immediately began to distend the bladder. In a short time it appeared to be nearly distended to its usual size ; when suffering the air gradually to escape on applying to the neck of it a lighted taper, the air instantly took fire, and continued to burn until the bladder was exhausted. We again filled the bladder with it, and on exposing it to the sun, it became so distended that we judged a very little more pressure would have burst it.

Within two rods of the place I have described there are a number spots, that exhibit the same appearance, that this did before it was opened ; there not being any herbage in a space of four, or five feet square ; from which circumstance, I conclude, the current of air frequently changes its course. When this was first discovered, there was no water nearer than the brook I have mentioned, and the current of air was much stronger than it is at present. The name of "*burning spring*," as applied in this instance, I think is a misnomer, as there is nothing, which enters into the composition of the water, which gives the combustible quality to the air. *Tophet*, is the name most in vogue, and such is the rage for discovering, that each man appears determined to have one of his own. I feel anxious to know your opinion, What the cause is, which produces this combustible air in such quantities ? From what mineral does it probably proceed ? Have you seen any thing of a similar kind ?

If, from the imperfect description I have given, you shall be enabled to obtain any useful information, I shall be gratified in having made this communication.

I am, Sir, very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL CHIPMAN.

## THE MEDLEY NO. IV.

Variety's the very spice of life  
That gives it all its flavour.

COWPER.

THE FOLLOWING WELL-DRAWN CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON IS  
FROM THE PIC NIC, A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS IN PROSE AND  
VERSE.

HERCULEAN strength and a stentorian voice,  
Of wit a fund, of words a countless choice :  
In learning rather various than profound,  
In truth intrepid, in religion sound :  
A trembling frame, and a distorted sight ;  
But firm in judgment, and in genius bright :  
In controversy rarely known to spare,  
But humble as the publican at prayer :  
To more than merited his kindness, kind,  
And, though in manners harsh, of friendly mind :  
Deep ting'd with melancholy's blackest shade ;  
And, though prepar'd to die, of death afraid :  
Such Johnson was :—Of him, with justice, vain,  
When will this nation see his like again.

*From a London Paper.*

TO LAURA.

BY W. SMYTH, ESQ.

The following elegant and interesting tribute to the Old Scottish Bards  
and Musicians, seems to be entitled to that praise which Dr. Johnson  
bestows on a part of Grey's elegy, as exhibiting thoughts which are not  
to be found in any other writer.—*Lon. Ed.*

You bid me sing the song you love,  
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay ;  
For Laura's lips no wish can move,  
But I am blest when I obey.  
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,  
My fancy flies on wayward wing,

And turns to him, the poet dear,  
 Who form'd the song you bid me sing.  
 Dear to my heart for ever be,  
 The Bard who thus shall melt and charm,  
 In every age, each maid like thee,  
 To nature just, to genius warm !  
 But ah ! the Bard, where is he fled ?  
 Like common forms of vulgar clay,  
 The shades of night are round him spread,  
 The Bard has liv'd and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art,  
 To music gave the poet's ryme ;  
 Touch'd with new elegance the heart,  
 And wak'd to melody sublime.  
 How vainly would my eyes require,  
 And seek within the realms of day ;  
 For like the master of the lyre,  
 He too has liv'd and pass'd away !

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,  
 These notes some unkown Minstrel fir'd ;  
 Yet, where——to silent death resign'd,  
 Rests now the form the muse inspired.  
 No vestige points, to rapture warm,  
 To grateful awe, the sacred clay ;  
 Alas ! while lives the song to charm,  
 All but the song has pass'd away !

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TO A MUSQUETO.

BEGONE, disturber of my rest—  
 Hence, nor trouble my repose—  
 Leagu'd with care, and want, and woes,  
 Thou leav'st the toil-worn wretch unblest.  
 Hie thee to the bed of down,  
 Where pamper'd wealth reclines in state ;



The slumbers of to-morrow's noon  
 For the night's ills shall compensate.  
 Go, with faintly-sonorous wing,  
 Fan sleeping beauty's glowing cheek :  
 And if busy fancy bring  
 The favor'd youth, O softly seek  
 Her humid lips ; there ply thy sting :—  
 Burning with th' imagin'd kiss,  
 They'll eager catch the heighten'd bliss.  
 If ever in thy airy round,  
 Through midnight's warm, oppressive gloom,  
 Pallid guilt is dozing found,  
 Ah ! wake him not with threat'ning hum :—  
 Think, that tho' haply he escape thy smart,  
 The sting of conscience rankles in his heart.  
 Still, as I close my weary eyes,  
 To court refreshing sleep's mild hour,  
 Thou com'st anon, with ceaseless hoise,  
 To chase afar the genial pow'r.  
 O ! luckless man, behold the fate !  
 Secure he seems, and looks sedate  
 At others cares, at others strife,  
 Himself enwrapt in pleasing trance :—  
 "B rush'd by the hand of rough mischance,"  
 He starts, wide-waking, to the ills of life.

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The following song, by Lord Byron, which the Reviewers in the Christian Observer, consider, as containing a description of the writers own mind, shows in a strong light how rich in consolation infidelity is.

TO INEZ.

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,  
 Alas ! I cannot smile again ;  
 Yet heaven avert that ever thou  
 Should'st weep, and haply weep in vain,

## 2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to sooth?

## 3.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I priz'd the most:

## 4.

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me,

## 5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

## 6.

What Exile from himself can flee?  
To Zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er, I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought,

## 7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake;  
Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

## 8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst,

And all my solace is to know,  
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask,  
In pity from the search forbear:  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

A SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A Batchelor leads an easy life,  
Few folks that are wed life better;  
A man may live well with a very good wife,  
But the puzzle is how to get her;  
For there's pretty good wives, and there's pretty bad wives,  
And wives neither one thing or t'other;  
And as for those wives, who scold all their lives,  
I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother.  
Then ladies and gent's, if to marriage inclin'd,  
May deceit nor ill humor ne'er trap ye!  
May those who are single get wives to their mind,  
And those who are married live happy.  
Then some chuse their ladies for ease or grace,  
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking;  
And some chuse for figure and some for face,  
But very few chuse'm for talking.  
Now as to the wife I could follow thro' life,  
'Tis she who can speak sincerely;  
Who not over nice can give good advice,  
And love a good husband dearly.  
So, ladies and gent's, when to wedlock inclin'd,  
May deceit or ill humor ne'er trap ye!  
May those who are single find wives to their mind,  
And those who are married live happy.

ORIGINAL.

THE REFORM.

I've seen the fond nursling of Fancy too long;  
Been hushed by her kiss and her lullaby-song,



From arms so caressing I soon shall be free ;  
From cradle that's rocked by the whirl of the sea ;  
That's drifted amain by the flow and the ebb ;  
Whose sails are as filmy as gossamer web.  
The Fairies and Naiads of Fancy's bright train,  
Which dance in the woodland, or swim in the main,  
Are phantoms that play in the watery eye,  
To charm and delude, then exultingly fly.  
Say, maid of the lyre ! hast thou loved to stray o'er  
Some grove of enchantment, or elf-haunted shore ?  
Where step must be light, and where breath must be brief,  
Where thought would e'en ruffle the down of a leaf ;  
Where Nymphs from their sofa of cowslip arise,  
To shade thee with garlands, and fan thee with sighs ;  
Then trip the mown meadow to gather its dew,  
And string their green tresses with jewels for you :  
Where Sylphs gaily hover your girdle to tie,  
A strip of cerulean just torn from the sky ;  
Where humbird allures thee to sleep by the spring ;  
Then dimples thy cheek with its quivering wing ;  
Where Fancy sits Queen on a hillock of down,  
The sky her pavilion, the rainbow her crown ?  
Then, lady ! you've loved too romantick a scene ;  
Yet, one I've adored as humanity's screen.  
The illusion can ravish, the vision is sweet ;  
But the dream and the rapture itself never meet.  
Though earth proffer little but misery and crime,  
And nature yield beauty to ravage, and time,  
Why revel with Shadows, deceitful as fair,  
To deepen the tone of my future despair !  
No, lady ! 'tis better my shackles were felt,  
Than smoothed by the feint of a flowery belt ;  
I'd rather meet death in a frown than a smile,  
The poignard of hate, than the poison of guile ;

I'd rather be wretched on the ocean of truth,  
Than drowned in the eddy of fanciful youth.  
Then must I be lost in the 'bustle of life !  
Where friendship is bartered for treachery and strife ;  
Where blossoms of pleasure that shut up at night,  
Forget to unfold at the dawning of light ;  
Where envy corrode the core of the heart,  
And malice sits pluming her venom'd dart ;  
Where patriot's flame is a flickering blaze,  
And the path-way to glory a serpentine maze !  
Ah, no ! there's a home for my wearied feet,  
Some garden of nature, sweet, mournfully sweet !  
No cinnamon valley, nor love-twisted bower,  
Thick set with the drops of a diamond shower !  
No lovelier spot than a sea-girdled cave !  
Where nought can approach but the wind and the wave ;  
Where hemlock and cedar and moss feathered bed,  
Should curtain my slumbers and pillow my head ;  
Where squirrel unfrightened should nibble his seed,  
And blackbird rock slow on the wavering weed.  
I'd sit with my feet in the foam of the surge,  
When sea-mew at midnight was wailing his dirge :  
Nought else would I hear save the bark of my dog,  
The hoot of the owl, and the croak of the frog.  
My shallop should rise on the highest of billows,  
My colours a braid of the palest of willows,  
I'd gather the rushes to warm and to light  
The cold and the gloom of the bleak winter night.  
There, far from afflictions I'd con them all o'er,  
And weep for my friends, but embrace them no more.  
In freedom I'd ramble, I'd flutter and sing,  
And never once settle to prune my wild wing.  
I'd trust to no smile, but the roseate wood,  
Be wet with no tear, but the spray of the flood.  
No ringlets of hazel fantastically curled,



Should tempt the rude finger that aches to have twirled ;  
No strawbury lip and no lily-blown breast,  
Should lure the young heart from its halcyon nest.  
I'd linger all night on the silvery lea,  
Till it seemed that the moon was made only for me.  
I'd gaze at the star yet remembered by love,  
And drink in the sigh of the whispering grove.  
I'd bare my wan brow to the wind and the rain,  
And laugh at the warring tumultuous main.  
The lightning might crinkle, the thunder might roar,  
And waves shake the ground as they rush to the shore ;  
In mid air the clouds and the ocean might roll—  
'Twould bewitch all my senses and ravish my soul.  
The swan and the ring dove so cruelly whirled,  
Should fly to my cell from a merciless world.  
At last, when my head has been powdered with snow,  
And my eye waned away the full-orb of its glow ;  
The cords of my harp with the tendril I'd twine,  
Then lay myself down by the side of the vine.  
My spirit unloosed by the tremulous lay,  
Should be drawn by the charm from its mansion of clay.  
No friend but the wood should be dressed in crape ;  
None kiss my cold lips but the shade of the grape ;  
No mourner should teach the lone cyprus to wave ;  
No infant should pat the fresh turf of my grave :  
No whipperwill warble a requiem sweet,  
When the moon has thrown o'er me a pale winding-sheet :  
But tempest should swell where my body doth moulder ;  
The snow should drift higher, the dew drizzle colder :  
The rain should soon wash out each stain and each trace,  
And shrub-oak and hawthorn my arbour should grace.  
Then nothing through all the wide earth should be seen,  
To know that such mortal as I had e'er been.  
Now lady ! farewell ! for I go from all sorrow—  
But one thought of thee, and I'm back by to-morrow.

CULLODEN.